

M E M O I R S
OF THE
NOTED BUCKHORSE. ()

In which,

Besides a MINUTE ACCOUNT of his
past MEMORABLE EXPLOITS,

That celebrated HERO is carried into
higher LIFE ;

Containing some very Extraordinary EVENTS.

Interpersed with

Remarkable ANECDOTES of some BLOODS
of Fortune and Eminence, Companions of
Mr. BUCKHORSE.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N:

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MDCCLVI.

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C H A P. XV.

Arrival at Bath. Mr. Blood hums a Parson with a false Story, is silenced by a true one, and leaves the Company in a Pet.

THE End of this Story brought the Company to the End of their Journey, and they alighted at the Bear; where Mr. Blood, Sir Harry Buck, and Mr. Buckhorse, were ready to receive them.

After refreshing themselves, the Ladies, Mr. Squeezum and Mr. Gibbons took their leave, and went each to the several Lodgings provided for them; the others sat down to a Supper that had been provided for them at a square Table, Whist Fashion; where supposing Buckhorse and Doctor Good-

man Partners, and Legs and Wings to be Honours, *Buckhorse* had four in his own Hand the first Deal, the Parson had a Sequence of Merry-thought, Rump and Sidesman; of which they made the most; whilst Sir *Harry* and Mr. *Blood*, inattentive to the Game, were discoursing of whoring, horse-racing, drinking, and gaming. Ay, says *Buckhorse*, helping himself to a Wing off the 'Squire's Plate, which was but half pick'd, Gaming is a sad Thing; if it had not been for gaming, poor *Toby Stopem* had never been scragged; I shall never forget him, a likely Fellow he was; poor *Toby*! I shook Hands with him just before he was turned off. It's a melancholy Consideration, says the Parson—Sir *Harry*, my Service to you; it's a melancholy Consideration——Ay, so it is, says Mr. *Blood*, tipping the Wink upon Sir *Harry*, that so many honest Clergymen should be unprovided. Sir, says the Parson, it is to be presumed, that those who have the Presentation to Livings are the best Judges how to bestow them. No, no, says *Blood*,
that's

that's not the Thing ; a Hundred or Two qualifies a Man for a Rectory or Vicarage, and as many Thousands for a Bishoprick. God forbid, says the Parson : I hope *Simony* is not known in this Land. Sir *Harry* finished the Discourse, by calling for a Gallon of Claret ; and *Buckhorse* took a Walk to see the Town.

May I beg Leave, said the Parson, to ask who that Gentleman is ? A very singular Man, answered *Blood*, and worth your Notice ; his Name is *Buckhorse*, of the *Buckhorses* of *Lincolnshire*, has a clear Estate of Three Thousand Pounds a Year, Nephew to Sir *John Buckhorse*, who has a large Estate, and no Children ; the Acres must all fall to this Gentleman ; he has, added he, the Presentation to some fat Livings ; one of which, worth about Four Hundred Pounds a Year, is now vacant. He's a very good kind of Man, but whimsical, especially in his Dress, affecting to appear so much below his Rank, that it often draws him into Broils with Porters, Hackney-coachmen,

coachmen, and other low People. A very singular Humour, I confess, said the Parson: Nay, added the 'Squire, I have known him carry his Extravagance to such a Pitch, as to fight upon a public Stage, and condescend to pick up Farthings from the Gamblers who use those Places; I have known him walk on Foot to *New-market* in a tattered Coat and slouch'd Hat, and at the same Time four of his Servants appear in his Landau upon the Course; nay, further, he has, on his fighting for some trifling Wager, accepted Money from these Servants for beating his Antagonist; but what is almost incredible in a Man of his Rank, I have seen him, I have, upon my Soul, Doctor, I have seen him with a Stool and Brush clean Shoes in *Cheapside*; yet a Man of excellent Sense: We have all our Foibles, Doctor. Very true, Sir, said the Parson, no Man without. He is, added the 'Squire, as fond of imitating the Vulgar in his Speech as his Dress, yet can be an excellent Companion when he pleases, is a good Church-

Churchman, and in consequence a great Lover of the Clergy ; I know he has in his Will made Provision for some of the poorer Sort ; he is very warm, and thinks no harm in damning a Man to his Face ; but upon Recollection, makes him ample amends : Ha, ha, ha, egad I can't think on't without laughing ; I remember we were one Night at *Douglas's*, *Buckhorse* was drunk to be sure, that's what he was ; there was none but he and I and *Jack Cassock* ; you must have known *Jack*, a very honest Fellow he is, he was bred at *Oriel* : Poor *Jack*, who was then but a Curate, had got most confoundedly drunk——
Buckhorse, who hates Mischief, as a Cat hates Cream, had the Curate put to Bed to one of the Girls, I think it was *Peggy Pepperwell* ; no, now I think on't, it was *Fanny Forward*, and a funny Jade she is as any in *England*. Well, what does *Buckhorse* ? Away he reels to Doctor *Plurality's* in *Hatton-Garden*, and informed him, his Curate was at that Instant committing Fornication ; nay, for ought he knew,

Adultery, at a certain House in his Neighbourhood ; and as he had a great Regard for the Church and the Ministers thereof, he would have no Scandal brought upon either by concealing such an Offence, and desired the Doctor would go along with him, and he would give him ocular Proof of what he had advanced.

He agreed ; and flying on the Wings of Indignation, or of Impatience, I am not certain which, he told Mr. *Buckborse* by the way, he was sorry a Minister of the Gospel should so far forget himself, as to give Occasion to the Laity to throw a Reflection on the Church.

When they came to the Temple of *Venus*, the high Priestess, who understood Physiognomy, read in his Face, that he was dignified, and received him very politely, assuring him, Gentlemen of his Cloth were always welcome ; the Army and the Church were her fast Friends ; the Church Militant, and a Standing Army, was

was her constant Toast : The Ladies were in the Back Parlour, she would introduce him.

Buckborse tipt the Doctor the Wink, who followed him up Stairs ; and the Mother Abbess, who judged they intended to club for a Wench, bid D——n them for a couple of Pimps, she never desired to see a Lobster, either black or red, in her House again.

Cassock, who was pretty well recovered from his drunken Fit, hearing a Noise, and finding a Woman by his Side, leap'd out of Bed, and was dressing himself ; the Doctor could not bridle his Indignation, but pouted forth abundance of spiritual Abuse. *Cassock* slid down Stairs, without speaking one Word, thinking he might better appease the Doctor the next Morning by fairly relating the Truth. *Buckborse* ran after him, under Pretence of bringing him back ; but as soon as he had got without Side, he turned the Key :

Fanny, who I suppose had forgot she was naked, got up, and kneeling told the Doctor, that however Appearances might be against her, there had been no Harm done : The Doctor, in stooping to raise her up, saw ——— Gods ! what saw he not ? He sighed, and was unable to speak, but fate down upon the Bedside, began to breath short and quick. The unlucky Jade, perceiving the Advantage she had over the holy Man, fired him still more, by throwing herself in his Arms ; and pressing him to her Bosom, cried out languishingly, O Doctor !— This was too much, a Temptation not to be resisted ; Woman and the Devil tempted——and the Doctor fell.

Buckborse, having had ocular Proof of the Doctor's Weakness, by means of Holes bored through the Partition to satisfy the Curiosity of inquisitive Waiters, called next Morning on him, and told him, that poor *Cassock* acknowledged his Fault, and hoped the Thing would go no farther. The Doctor protested he had no ill Will to
Mr.

Mr. *Cassock*, but the Crime was so barefaced, there was no excusing it, his own Character was at Stake; if the World should know that he connived at such Crimes, he should be deemed as culpable as his Curate. Mr. *Buckhorse* told him, he did not pretend to justify the Crime; but we were all Men, and consequently liable to Error; he hoped it was the first Fault, and therefore admitted of some Excuse: The Doctor wished he could oblige him with all his Heart, there was nothing he would not do for that Purpose, but this was a Crime of so black a Dye—Black or white, signifies nothing, said *Buckhorse*, interrupting him, for *Jack's* an honest Fellow, and — At which Word, a young Lady, handsome, and genteelly dressed, entered the Room, and throwing herself at the Doctor's Feet, Sir, says she, I come to implore your Pardon. How! said the Doctor, very politely, can such a Form offend? Rise, Madam. Sir, said she, I dare not rise till I have hopes of your Forgiveness. The Doctor, who by this had

recollected the Angel's Face, found she was one who many Times had fallen, told her, if she would please to walk into the next Room, he would wait on her immediately. The young Lady, or if you please *Fanny Forward*, for it was she herself, having had her Cue from *Buckhorse*, replied, her Business did not admit of one Moment's Delay ; for having understood he was a married Man, her Conscience would not let her conceal the fatal Consequence of an Amour she had with an Officer of the Guards ; and if, says she, I have injured you, as I am afraid I have, I come to make you all the Reparation in my Power, and have brought Mr. *M^cThorax* the Surgeon with me, a Gentleman very skilful in his Profession, and as silent as the Grave.

Buckhorse, screwing up the Muscles of his Face, and clapping his Tongue between his Teeth, told the Doctor, he was very sorry to hear an Affair of this Kind : It was very civil though of the young Lady
to

to give him this early Notice ; many wicked Sluts would have laughed at his Misfortune, nay, perhaps, have insisted on Hush-money to keep the Affair a Secret from his Lady. The Doctor protested his Innocence, said it was a Plot to hurt his Reputation ; that he defy'd the World to prove him guilty of a Crime of that Nature ; that he hoped his Honour knew him better than to believe what such a vile Woman could say to his Prejudice. As to Prejudice, vile Woman, and all that, look you, Doctor, said the 'Squire, I have a trifling Reason to believe the Girl speaks Truth. The Doctor lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, said, as he hoped to be——Nay, no Oath, Doctor, but a Word of Advice to you ; next Time you transgress, do it with Prudence, examine the Room, and stop the Holes—I myself saw——I know your Bishop, and——Sir, says the Doctor, I, I,——we are all frail, I hope——No, no, thou ar't a good honest Fellow, and the Bishop shall not——But then, dear Divinity, as thou art fairly listed,

lifted, shake off Hypocrisy, and let us have thy Company to Night at the same Place; I promise *Cassock* shall be mum. The Doctor told him, as he was kind enough to promise Secrecy, he might command him, and he would surely remember Mr. *Cassock*'s Discretion.

The Appointment was kept, and a Scene of Mirth ensued, which I shall not attempt to describe; but from that Time forward, the Doctor and *Cassock* were inseparable. And so much for the Clergy, dear Doctor, said *Blood*, with a pretty broad Laugh.

I hope, says Mr. *Goodman*, for the Honour of the Cloth—Ay, the Cloth! says *Blood*, but so it is Mr. *Sanctity*. I hope, said the Parson, reddening at the latter Part of *Blood*'s Speech, I hope, Sir,—Ay, I suppose you do, my dear little *Levite*, always to find a *Fanny Forward* in your Parish. Then turning to Sir *Harry*, A rare Hum, d——n me.

Doctor,

Doctor, says the Knight, this is a sad Fellow ; I warrant it's all a Joke——Not one Word of Truth, d——n me, said *Blood*, but a fine Hum. The poor Doctor, how he swelled ! he believed it all as true as Gospel.

Sir, says the Parson, I am better pleased at being hum'd, as you call it, than I should have been to found your Story true ; but I own I cannot find the Joke of this : A Gentleman, who tells a Story with Circumstances not improbable, and swears to the Truth of it, would, I think, be a little displeased, if his Auditors should doubt the Truth of his Relation ; but give me Leave, Sir, to tell a Story in my Turn ; I shall not first swear to the Truth of it, and then to its being a Lye.

A young Gentleman in the West, of the Family of the *Bloods*——Sir, says *Blood*, a little angrily, I hope——Pray, Sir, don't interrupt me, said the Parson, I
gave

gave your Lye a patient Hearing : This Mr. *Blood* was left Heir to a clear Estate of 1200*l.* a Year. After he had finished his Studies at *Oxford*, he went up to *London* to improve his Education ; here he learned all the fashionable Vices, and amongst the rest, this, I suppose, of Humming. When he had deceived, and been deceived by many, for the Space of two Years, he went down into the Country to swear, hunt, get drunk, and hum ; it chanc'd there lived upon his Estate a young Woman, Daughter to one of his Tenants, who, to a fine Complexion, added a Set of very regular Features : For this Girl the young 'Squire felt a Passion, which I dare not call Love, though often mistaken for it ; he spread his Snares, and importuned her to a Compliance with his Desires : Unluckily for our young Gentleman, the Girl had Virtue, and complained to her Brother of the Indignity offered by the 'Squire. The Brother had Spirit, and had had a liberal Education bestowed on him, his Father having sent him to *Christ Church*

Church College at Oxford as a Servitor ; and having finished his Studies, was come down to his Relations to wait for some Preferment in the Church : Upon the Girl's acquainting him with the 'Squire's Intentions, he desired her to act with Prudence, and leave the rest to him.

The 'Squire continued his Sollicitations, and she seemed less shy ; he at last prevailed on her to admit him into her Chamber when the Family were a-bed : She, with seeming Reluctance, at last comply'd, and appointed the next Night.

Mr. *Blood* did not fail at the appointed Time, and was admitted ; he was for improving the Opportunity, and proceeded to take some Liberties ; she repulsed him, and said, that had she known his Intention was such as it appeared to be, she would have died before she had given him the Opportunity : He kiss'd and flatter'd, and to quiet her Scruples, swore he would marry her the next Day. If that be your
Intention,

Intention, Sir, said the Brother, coming out of a Closet where he had been concealed, no Time like the present; I must insist you either marry her this Instant, or repair the Injury you intended my Family; here are a Brace of Pistols, Sir, and you shall see I am determined to do myself Justice. The 'Squire would have put off the Affair to another Time; but the Brother told him, he must immediately resolve: If, said he, your Intentions are honourable, you may easily convince me of it; if otherwise, I know what I have to do. The 'Squire paused some Time, and told him, that however well he liked his Sister, he did not chuse to be compelled into a Thing of that Nature so suddenly, but gave him his Word and Honour he would marry her in a few Days. Sir, says the other, the Honour of a Man who would ruin an innocent Girl, and bring Disgrace upon a Family, is not to be regarded; I must insist ——. The 'Squire finding no Possibility of evading the Marriage without fighting, prudently resolved upon

upon the former : The Brother called up a young Clergyman of his Acquaintance, who waited below for that Purpose, who performed the Ceremony, and took his Leave : He remained with the Girl all Night, and repeated his Visits pretty frequently, though always in private, having enjoined them to Secrecy. She proved with Child, and was some time after delivered of a Boy : This Circumstance, instead of heightening his Affection for his Wife, considerably abated it, and he began to cast about how he should get rid of her, and resolved boldly to deny her ; he did so, and put them upon the Proof. The Cause was heard in the Spiritual Court, and the Marriage was confirmed ; and the 'Squire, to be revenged of the whole Family, swore he would never cohabit with her more : He kept his Word, and was sued for a separate Maintenance, which he was obliged to allow her, and has the disagreeable Prospect of being succeeded in his Estate by the Fruits of his intended Humbugg. The 'Squire who, during

during this Relation, gave many Tokens of Uneasiness, rose up, and swore, if his Cloth did not protect him, he would serve him as his Impertinence deserved; and ordering his Chaise to be got ready, set out immediately for *Bristol*.

CHAP.

C H A P. XVI.

Mr. Blood and Buckhorse set out for Wales ; a Welch Parson introduced ; his Remarks ; Buckhorse arrives at Bristol ; his Adventures there.

NEXT Morning they set forward for *Wales*, and arrived at the Borough in the Evening : The 'Squire, after having called for Plenty of Liquor, set out to solicit the principal Inhabitants for their Votes, in favour of his Friend.

After his Departure, the Landlord and *Buckhorse* fell into a Dispute, concerning the Extent and Riches of *England*, and of *Wales*, and the Bravery of the Inhabitants of both Countries ; many Arguments were made use of on each Side in a friendly Manner ; and the Dispute might perhaps have been attended with no ill Consequence, had not *Buckhorse* unhappily mentioned the Antiquity of *England* ; at which
my

my Landlord taking fire, addrested *Buck-horse* in the following Manner.

As to Antiquity's, look you, it is all a Choke ; for *Encland* was made, do you see, put a t'other Day, as a Pody may say ; whereas *Wales*, do you see, accorting to *Rice ap Shenkin, ap Morgan, ap Criffiths, ap Tudor*, who was a fery pretty Historian, and fery correct, and exact, look you, in his Chronolochy of the Orld ; in the 71 Pache of his Pook, look you, he toes tell you, that the Shentleman that built *Wales* (I have forket his Name, put 'tis no creat Matter) tid lay the Foundation of it two huntred and twenty-two Years, two Months, two Tays, two Hours, two Minutes, and two Seconds, pefore the Creation of the Orld ; and seeing that the *Prittons* tid pehave well, and were fery good Christians, look you, he tid make some Mountains and some Hills, look you, for the *Pritish* Coats to feed upon ; and of the Parings of the Hills
and

and Mountains, look you, he was pleased to make a little Pit of Land, by Way of Packside to *Wales*, and he tid call this little Pit of Land *Encland*.

Buckborse said it was a Lye ; that *England* was made long before *Wales* ; and if Mr. *Aps* said otherwise, he was a Fool and a Blockhead, and he'd fight him for a Guinea, or any *Welchman* of them all. Py C—— it is well, said the Landlord, that you are put a Poy, or I would trim your Jacket, do you see. Trim my Jacket ! says *Buckborse*, pulling off his Cloaths with a good deal of Composure, Trim my Jacket ! I should like to see that. Being stripped, he insisted on fighting mine Host, but was prevented by the Appearance of a grave, venerable looking Man, who was no other than the Parson of the Parish come to entertain his Neighbours with a Tune on the Fiddle.

Peace be here, said he, in the Name of Cot ; it is Sin, and Shame, and Scandals,
look

look you, and Apominations to profane the Sappath with Proils and Noifes, and Fightings, and Wranglings, and Quarrellings : Christians should live in Peace, like Lambs, or Sheep, or inteed, Coats ; for though Coats are a little too much atticted to Concupiffence, or Lust, or Venerery, yet in other Respects they did perhaps fery well ; that fighting was fit for Lions, or Tykers, or Wolves ; but for Man, who was Cot's Image, it was file, scandalous, and unpecoming *Prittons*, or Christians ; that to reconcile them, he would kive them a Tune on the Fiddle ; that Anchels loved Melody ; that indeed he had the Misfortune to preak his first String, but he would make shift without it ; and so began the *Black Joke* ; after which, he observed, that Musick was in creat repute with the Antients ; that *Tavida* King *Israel* had himself a fery good Hand upon the Harp, but had received the first Rudiments of that Art from *Owen ap Merideth ap Shones*, who was Harper to King *Arthur* ; and that travelling abroad,

abroad, he had got into favour with King *Tavid*, and from being chief Musician became Secretary of State and Prime Minister; put upon *Solomon's* Accession to the Throne, was obliged to abscond upon a Charge of male Practices; and returning into *Merionethshire*, lived to a very great Age, and left a large Estate to his Son *Owen*, who married a Daughter of Prince *Lewellen* the 99th, by whom he had Issue *Lewellen ap Owen*, who succeeded his Grandfather, put married below himself the Daughter of an *English* Baron; and so the Family came to naught. There is indeed a Baronet in *Shropshire* of the Family, but he has nothing to make him a Gentleman, look you, but an Estate of 12000 £. a Year; for his Mother's Great Grandfather's Great Grand Mother was but a Merchant's Daughter of *London*; but the Heralds of *Harry* the Seventh's Time granted them Arms; from which Time they have taken upon them the Title of Gentlemen. Poasting, continued he, is not the Part of a Gentle-

Shentleman, and an ancient *Pritton* and a Christian, much less of Cot's unworthy Servant ; but I cannot help observing, look you, without Fanity I say it, Cot knows my Heart, that I can trace my Che-neolochy up to *Atam*. Our Ancestor was the first Shentleman in the Orld ; for *Atam*, look you, who was his Contempo-rary, and whom the Piple mentions, was a fery honest Man inteed, and a fery good Christian, put no Shentleman ; he was a Cardiner by his Trade, and sold Cappaches and Turneps, and Leeks ; yes he tid sell Leeks, and our Ancestor tid send a Man and Horse to *Eten*, look you, to fetch some, which were the first efer seen in *Clamorcanshire*.

The Smell of a Slice of toasted Cheese in the Landlord's Hand, broke the Thread of the Parson's Discourse ; for he observed, that Cheese was fery wholesome Food and fery palatable, though indeed it was of a pinding Quality, at least it had that Ef-
fect

fect upon some Constitutions; put as to himself, he pless't Cot, he hat no Occasion to find fault, for he wafs rather too laxative, and Cheefe tid correct the Malignity of the Flux——My Service to you, Doctor, in a Voice from behind, occasioned the Parson's turning round. I thank you, Sir, says he; you are welcome to these Parts, as you seem to pe a Shentleman and a Strancher—F'rom *Lonton*, I suppose. Yes, Sir, says Mr. *Blood*, who was just returned with some of his Friends to spend the Evening. Ha! says the Parson, *Lonton* is a fine Place; 'tis pikker by half than *St. Tavid's*, *St. Asaph's*, *Lantaff* and *Pancor*; ay, inteed, and *Pristol* to poot. Ha, says my Landlord, Trafellers are strangely gifen to fipping—Look you, *Tavit*, said the Parson, with some Heat, a Fipp is an Untruth; and an Untruth is a Lie; and I to scorn to lie; kifing the Lie to a Shentleman, is as much as to say, you are a Knafe; and a Knafe, is a Rascal; and a Rascal, is a Fillain; and a Fillain, is ——. No, no, *Tavit*, I do scorn to

lie; but I am not ancry, thank Cot, I am not cholorick; put I have known many prave Shentleman lose his Life for gising the Lie; for py gising me the Lie, Lant-lort, you do py Inference call me the Son of the Tevil; and py calling me the Son of the Tevil, you do positifely call the Tevil my Father: Cot blefs us, put you are an Afs, and a Fool, and a Plockheat, and —— I am not ancry, *Tavit*, put you are a Fool for all that.

'Squire *Blood* put an End to the Dispute, and told the Doctor, he hoped he should have his Vote and Interest for his Friend Colonel *Courtly*, who you know offers himself to serve your Borough; he is a very honest Fellow, he is d——n me. I am sorry, Sir, says the Parson, from my Heart, ay, inteed, and from my Soul too, that you should couple Elections and Tamnation; Cot save us, I to love efery potty, and Colonel a —— your Frient, I have forket his Name; put I cannot wish him Succes here; no, inteed, I cannot;
for

for 'Squire *Worthy* and his Family, look you, have represent this Purrough, do you see, efer since *Julius Cæsar's* Time ; and shall I, for a paultry Pripe, fote against him and akainst my Conscience, and send my Soul to the Tevil? no, Cot forbit.

A large Bowl of Punch, which the 'Squire had ordered, was now brought in. The Parson observed, Punch was a fery cood Liquor and fery wholesome, for the Sukar tid qualify the Tartness of the Lemon, and Water tid take off the inflammatory Qualities of the Rum, and the Rum tid qualify certain Crutities which the Water tid contain ; and the Acit of the Lemon tid correct the insipit Sweetness of the Sukar : I am sorry, added he, the *French* are running away with that Trade ; and I to not lose the *French*, Cot forkife me, I to not lose the *French* ; I to not find it in my Piple, that I am com-manted to lose the *French* ; the Piple, inteet, says, you must lose your Neigh-pour as yourself ; and so inteed I do, put

I cannot lose the *French*, as Cot did think proper to set Pounds between them and us; I do not think he did resign I should send my Affections a travelling beyond Sea, when I have Room enough to exert the noble Virtues of Love, Charity, and Penitence in my own Country; indeed I do not lose the *French*; our Countryman *Harry of Monmouth* was not lose them neither; they was affront him, send him over some Tennis Palls, which did imply, or indeed rather signify, a Contempt for him, and for his Nation, lousy Rascals! put he did go over with *Tavit Cam*, and some more of his Countrymen, and he did push their Chackets; his Son, indeed, Cot help us, was lose all again, put he was an *Englishman*.———Doctor, says the 'Squire, leave off your preaching and drink about: Come, Colonel *Courtly*, in a Bumper. Why, I will drink the Shentleman's Health, says the Parson, I have a Sort of nekative Love for him, that is to say, I do not hate him, and so here is Colonel —— your Friend, his Health.

Give

Give me your Hand, says *Blood*; I know you'll vote of our Side; all these Gentlemen, your Friends, Neighbours and Parishioners, are for us: What, don't you know your own Interest, Doctor? Why the Bishop of ———, a Word in your Ear, is *Courtly's* particular Friend; and you know such a Man's Friendship———Ay, that is true, interrupted the Parson, put Cot Almighty is my Friend too, and I will put my Trust in him—But a good Living, Doctor! You shall go up to Town along with me, and I pawn my Honour something shall be done for you: What think you of a Bishoprick? I cannot accept, inteed, says the Parson, I to know myself unworthy; put the Parish of *Ldwellingnth* is now facant, it brings in a good Two Score Pounds a Year, and I should pe glad to send my Son *Tavit* to *Jesus* College, *Oxford*, where I myself had my Education: He is a Poy of fery good natural Chenius, do you see; he is no more as two and twenty, and promises fery well to pe a cood Scholar; and I should pe

clad to see him in the Ministry, look you; for perhaps he may have the good Fortune to succeed me in my Living——It shall be done, Doctor; you shall have the Parish; therefore get ready to set out with me on *Sunday* Morning next. Cot forpid, says the Parson, that is a Tay of Rest, and I must preach at both our Churches then; and my Text is, *Keep the Sappath holy*; so I will not preak it myself, look you.

The Election came on in a few Days; which Interval was spent by *Buckhorse* in drinking and quarrelling; and by Mr. *Blood* in bribing; but whether he did not do it effectually, that is, administer a sufficient Quantity, or whether these ancient *Brittons* had too much of that Species of Folly, commonly called Honesty, I cannot say, but he was deceived, or in his own Language, humbugg'd; for the very People who had invited his Friend, turn'd Tail to him, and voted for Mr. *Wortby*.

Mr.

Mr. *Blood* said it was a good Thing, acknowledged he was fairly hum'd, but swore he'd be even with some of them ; he resolved to leave the Place, but first called upon the Parson, shook him heartily by the Hand, and said he was more obliged to him that he had voted for Mr. *Wortby*, than if he had voted for his Friend *Courtly* ; for you have thereby convinced me, that some Honesty may yet be found amongst us, and it shall be encouraged ; it shall indeed, Mr. *Tudor*, for that was the Parson's Name : I am sorry, added he, it does not suit you to set out along with me, or my Affairs to wait your Time ; but I shall send my Post-chaise purposely down for you, and you shall not quit my House till I have got the Living for you. Parson *Tudor* thanked him, but said, pleased be God, he was able to walk ; and as to the latter, he would not be troublesome to him : He had a Niece, *Bridget Tudor*, a very good Girl she was, that was married to one that keep an Inn somewhere in *Lon-*

ton,

ton, who had often importuned him by Letter to come and stay some Time with her. The 'Squire told him he was sorry he could not offer him his Purse at that Time, for that his Expences had been greater than he expected, and he had scarce sufficient to carry him back to *London*, but he might draw upon him for any Sum he pleased; and added, I am glad, *Mr. Tudor*, that I and my Friends have it in our Power to reward Merit like your's; and shaking him heartily by the Hand, took his Leave.

The 'Squire set out, and left Word for *Buckhorse* he should wait for him at *Bristol*; who set forward, and reached *Bristol* that Night. He took up his Quarters in *Marsh-street*, where having a Quarrel with one of the Natives, they fought, or in the Language of the Stage, they fit. *Buckhorse* came off Conqueror; but next Morning was carried before Mr. Mayor for an Assault. When he came to the *Tolsey*, he was examined by that Magistrate;

strate ; who, to do him Justice, was a very good kind of Man, and mortally hated the *Irish* ; he suspecting *Buckhorse* to be of that Nation, took him roundly to Task : Sirrah, says he, what Countryman are you ? A Carpenter, please your Honour, says *Buckhorse*. I say, Sir, says the Mayor, angrily, what Countryman are you ? *Buckhorse*, please your Honour. Answer my Question, Fellow, cas'n't ? Where dost thee come from ? One and Thirty, please your Honour, last *Bartlemystide*. What Business bee'st of, Fellow ? In *Marsh-street*, Sir, replied *Buckhorse*, at the *Harp and Crown*. Ay, I knew, said the Mayor, turning to another Gentleman upon the Bench, I knew I should make him confess ; I know these *Irish* Fellows by their Look : You are guilty, Sirrah, of this Assault, that's plain. Upon my Honour, said *Buckhorse*, ——. Honour ! said the Mayor, smiling ; ay, ay, I knew he was *Irish*, but I had much ado to make him confess : Thee bee's't a hardened Dog, Sirrah. Please your Worship, said the

Constable, I charged him with it, and he said I was a Liar, and swore he'd tip me a Plumper in the Bread-basket, and some more Words I did not understand. Ho, ho, says the Mayor, this Fellow is set on by the Colliers to burn the City. Clerk, write his Mittimus; and you, Constable, carry him down to *Bridewell*. Pray your Worship, says *Gripe*, order somebody to assist me, for he is a bloody-minded Fellow. Ay, a Papish, an *Irish* Papish to be sure, says the Mayor: Here, *Touchem*, do you assist *Gripe*, and see him chained down to the Floor.

Gripe and *Touchem* laid hold of *Buck-horse*, and were conveying him down to *Bridewell*; but he recollecting he had Business in *London*, thanked them for their Love, and making a full Stop, clapped one Leg behind *Gripe*, and the other behind *Touchem*, and with an Elbow in each of their Stomachs, fairly overthrew them; and handling his Legs pretty well, as the Phrase has it, would have got off, had not

not the Cry of Thief, Pickpocket, *Irishman*, from the sprawling Heroes brought a Baker to their Assistance ; who, laying down his Basket and pursuing, would certainly have taken him, had not a good-natured Gentleman, by the friendly Interposition of his Leg, stopped the Baker's Career, and tumbled him into the River, or rather Ditch, whose winding Stream waters *Bridewell's* hospitable Shore. This was no Time for Compliments. *Buckhorse*, according to the Language of a certain Country, retreated forwards, and was followed by his Deliverer ; and outrunning their Pursuers, they got safe to *Temple Gate*. *Buckhorse* then turning round to thank his Deliverer, found in him the Person of his Friend *Stopem* ; he thank'd him heartily for the Service he had done him. The other desired him not to waste Time in Compliments, as they might be pursued. When they had got to the Top of the Hill, they turned round to take a View of the City, and saw a *Posse*,
which

which they judged to be in Pursuit of them. A Writer of Romance would have brought some supernatural Power to their Aid ; but we, who scorn the Help of Fiction, shall fairly confess the Truth. They did what Marshal *Tallard* would gladly have done at *Blenheim*, that is, they fairly run away ; and striking into the Fields, avoided their Pursuers, and got safe at *Bath* by Bed-time ; where wishing them a good Night, we shall leave them for the present.

CHAP.

C H A P. XVII.

Parson Tudor sets out for London; arrives at Bristol.

PARSON *Tudor* having packed up his All, consisting of a Shirt and Neckcloth, a Common Prayer Book and Tobacco-box well filled, took Leave of his Family, with Three and Six-pence in his Pocket, and a good Oaken Cudgel in his Hand, and set forward, to get the Living Mr. *Blood* had promised him, singing the 117th *Psalms*, by way of Thanksgiving.

He came to *Bristol*, and put up at the *White Lion*, where 'Squire *Blood* had told him he should hear of him; He had indeed left a Letter for him, informing him, that he would have staid a Day or two longer for him, had he not received Advice, that a Friend of his, in his Journey down to *Bath*, was taken ill, and lay at the *Castle*
at

at *Marlborough*. The Parson told the Waiter, who likewise delivered him a verbal Message, he was sorry for the Accident, but could not plame the Shentleman for attending his sick Frient; it was the most friently Office we could atminister, to cive Comfort to Christians at the Approach of Teath, and prepare them for a happy Eternity; it was inteed more immediately the Pusiness of a Clergyman; put in his Apfence, a Layman might atminister spiritual Comfort; that Cot was no respecer of Persons, and no toubt accepted the Sacrifice, or Purnt-offering, as a poty may call it of Prayer, as well from a Layman as a Clergyman; that these were human Institutions; for his Part, he tid not see that one Man was petter than another in the Sight of Cot; put for the petter ortering and reculating Society, it was necessary there should pe people appointed to preach and to expound the Cospel; though inteed the Ord of Cot is comprised in one fery short Sentence, *Lose thy Neigbpour as thyself*. Then
 lighting

lighting his Pipe, desired Mrs. *Cook* to toast him a Slice of Cheese for his Supper; and continued, for the Command of loving our Neighpours as ourselfes, comprehends all the moral and social Duties. I confess, though I have often been puzzled, whether the Command does reach to Foreigners; if it does, God help me, for I cannot lose the *French*; I have strife all my Life and I cannot lose them; God forgive me, I cannot lose them; they are full of Pride and Conceit, and Treachery and Hypocrisy, and Self-love and Cowardice; they have rop the Devil, God bless us, of all his Fives, and not make him poorer neither; I cannot lose the *French*—Sir, me have de Honneur to be borné in the Caindom of *France* (was immediately pronounced very deliberately, by a black, thin, meagre Figure, who came in with a Portmanteau upon his Shoulders) an I can no souffre to ear my Nation abusée vidout Resentiment; *La Politesse*, he demande me come to one Explication; *a vant que chargé*, you vid vanté de Bienficeance: Vat you

you say of the *French*, eh? Why I say of the *French*, eh! that they have rop the Tevil, Cot pless us, of his Pride and Hypocrisy, and ———. Volé le Diable! Vat Expression Barbare; you mus be von *Englischeman* for make use of dat Expression. Why lookee, honest Frient, said the Parson, I cannot lie, and flatter, and teceive, and coufen Mankind, to you see; I am no *Frenchman*; I wish Cot was pleased to make your Nation petter, that my Love and Charity, and Penefolence might be universal. Sire, says the *Frenchman*, me con no expliqué my fell in *Englishe* ——— Monsieur, *parle Francois, sans doute?* I unterstant a little, says the Parson, enough to know that Cheese is as cood a Ord for my Supper as Fromache; if I had the Misfortune to speak it, look you, I should study to forget it; I like it not, I can praise Cot as well in my own Tongue, as in *French*, do you see: To you unterstand *Welch*? Velch! says the *Frenchman*, *c'est Galois*; 'tis Language, Barbare, me no understan. You are a
louzy

louzy Rascal, to you see, says the Parson, to call *Welch* a barbarous Language; have we not Scoundrels enough of our own, put we must bring them over from *France* to rob, plunder, insult us, and then laugh at us? The sure Marks of a Rascal, Mr. *Frenchman*, is to fawn, cringe, and flatter his Superiors, and to treat his Inferiors with Haughtiness and Contempt; tho', Cot's my Life, I am not your inferior neither; you are a louzy Rascal if you think so; and shaking his Cudgel, repeated a louzy Rascal, I tell ye; you have read the Pattle of *Achincourt*, Cot's my Life, there is a *Welchman* still a live, look you,

Whether the *Frenchman* disliked the Parson's Looks, or his Cudgel, I can't say, but he sneaked off, and left the Doctor to indulge over his Victory and his Cheese.

Two or three old Gentlemen, who sat by the Fire over a Bowl of Punch, praised the Parson's Resolution, and observed, it
was

was always the Custom of the *French* to bluster and make a Noise, and as soon as they were opposed, to sneak off. This introduced a political Discourse ; and that, the *French* Depredations in *America* ; and this again, some Remarks on General *Braddock's* Conduct and Defeat. The Parson said, that as a Christian, he was sorry for the Loss of so much Blood, but it seemed to be a Chudgment on us for sending *Irish* Rechiments over, who were always in the Interest of the *French*, and were certainly pribed to destroy their Officers : I wish, added he, with a Sigh, they had send over some of my Countrymen, I to not doubt put we should have conqueret all *America* py this Time—A Waiter entered, and prevented the Parson's pursuing his favourite Topicks of *Wales*, and Conquest, by informing the Company, that the *London Post* was come in. Ho, ho, says one Gentleman, let us see the *Daily Advertiser* ; that contains all the News. Mr. *Broadbrim*, be so kind as to read it ; my Eyes are not so good as they used to be. Silence

lence being proclaimed, the Gentleman began.

Hague, Jan. 1, 1756.

OUR Politicians here are very much divided in their Opinions, in relation to the Dispute subsisting between *England* and *France*; the Partizans of the latter seem surprized at the Boldness of the *English*, in daring, single, and unsupported, to draw upon them the Resentment of *France*, and account for her Inactivity, by saying, it is owing to her Contempt of the vain Effort made by that little Power against her; which may, however, if she continues barking, meet the Fate of the Cur in the Fable; the Friends of the former bid Defiance to the whole Power of *France*, whilst they can cover the Seas with their Ships of War; whilst their Coasts are well guarded; whilst their People are unanimous; and, whilst they can command the Sinews of War, What have they to fear? Besides, it is whispered, that a certain great Prince has declared, that he will oppose
any

any foreign Troops that shall presume to enter *Germany* with all his Power. It is even insinuated, that a Treaty is on the Tapis between this Prince and a certain great Princess ; which, if it takes Place, will effectually bar the Gates of *Germany* against the *French*.——They go further ; they consider this as a political Country Dance, in which the *English* take the Lead, but will soon be followed by other Powers ; and they give the others Fable for Fable, by putting them in mind of the Jay, stripped by an Assembly of Birds of its unjustly acquired Feathers ; but after all, this is only Conjecture, and every one reasons as his Inclination or his Interest leads him ; who is right, or who is wrong, Time only can discover.

From the Paris A-la-main.

THE Armaments at *Brest*, *Toulon* and *Rochefort*, go on so briskly, that it is thought, in two Months Time, the King's Navy will consist of at least 300
Ships

Ships of the Line, besides Frigates, Gallies, Bomb Vessels, Fire-ships, &c.

Monfieur le Marquis de *Fanfaron* has assured his Majesty, that if he does not, with 15000 Men only, effect the Invasion of *England*, he consents to lose his Head.

Notwithstanding the Insolence of the *English* in attacking us, contrary to the Faith of Treaties, the King has given a fresh Proof of his Moderation, by consenting, on Condition they return the Ships they have taken, make good the Damages, and ask Pardon for the Offence, to grant them better Terms than their Temerity deserves.

L O N D O N.

LAST Night late, Mr. *Quickly*, arrived at the Cockpit with Dispatches from our Ambassador at *Berlin*, of the utmost Consequence, but we know nothing of the Contents.

We

We hear a Treaty of Marriage is on Foot, and will speedily be consummated, between the Rt. Honourable the Lord Viscount *Flash* and Miss *Plumb*, of *Mincing-lane*.

On *Friday* last died, at his Seat in *Kent*, *Gustavus Gripe*, Esq; of a tedious Illness, which he bore with the utmost Resignation. To say he possessed every Virtue which Humanity can reach, is but giving a faint Sketch of his Character. The Bulk of his Fortune he has left to a Maiden Lady, who was his House-keeper; One Hundred Pounds to St. *Bartholomew's* Hospital; One Hundred Pound to *Christ's*; and Two Hundred Pounds to the *Foundling* Hospital; besides many other Legacies to distant Relations. To his Daughter, who unhappily disobliged him by marrying a Clergyman about fifteen Years ago, he hath left but Twenty Pound for Mourning; but to each of her Sons, he

he has left Fifty Pound, to bind them out Apprentices.

Pray, Sir, excuse my interrupting you, says Parson *Tudor*, I am sorry that a Christian should carry his Resentment to the Crave, and for a fery slight Offence indeed ; it is no Shame, nor Scandal, look you, nor Tisparagements for a young Lady to fix her Lofes, and her Affections, and her Inclinations, upon a Minister of the Cospel, profited he be honest Man ; and I hope, Cot pless us, there is none that to tisgrace the Cloth.

None of the Company taking Notice of the Parson's Remark, the Gentleman continued reading.

Yesterday an Ox ran mad in *Smithfield*, and running furiously down *Cow-cross*, tossed a Child, of four Years of Age, three Stories high, into a Shoemaker's Garret, where very fortunately was a Cradle into the

which the Child fell, and received no Manner of Harm.

Mercy, O Cot! says Parson *Tudor*.

On *Thursday* was married at *Islington Church*, Mr. *Twigg*, an eminent Birch-broom-maker in *Kent-street*, to Miss *Dolly Tripe*, Daughter to Mr. *Colossus Tripe*, a wealthy Hog-butcher in *Goswell-street*; a young Lady endowed with every Requisite to make the Marriage State happy, and a Fortune of Five Hundred or a Thousand Pounds. Immediately after the Ceremony, the married Couple set out with a grand Retinue for Mr. *Tripe's* Seat at *Black-mary's-hole*.

On *Sunday* last died in *Yorkshire*, the Rt. Hon. the Lord *Richworth*: His Lordship was the second and only surviving Son of *Charles* Lord Viscount *Richworth*, by *Mary* his Wife, only Daughter and sole Heiress of Sir *Harry Slingem*, of the *West Riding*, by *Elizabeth*, third Daughter of Sir

Sir *Lionel Humdrum*, who was Knighted at the Restoration for his signal Services after the Battle of *Worcester* : For though it pleased the Lord to take the Part of the Rebels, he permitted Sir *Lionel* to be very instrumental in the King's miraculous Escape, having made Choice of that truly Royal Oak, which protected the Lord's Anointed, and was content himself to lodge in an old Ivy Bush : He afterwards went abroad with the King, where he stayed till the Restoration, and was Knighted as above. His Estate, which is very considerable, devolves to Richard *Henpeck*, of *Lincolnshire*, but the Title becomes extinct.

By last Night's Post we have an Account, that Lord *Richworth*'s late Indisposition was no more than a Cold, of which he was perfectly recovered when the last Letters came away.

Letters from *Devonshire* inform us, that a young Lady of that County, of very

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large Fortune, had lately made an Elopement; and the same Letters add, that a Footman in that Neighbourhood had disappeared much about the same Time.

The last *Irish* Mail brings a wonderful and circumstantial Account of the Resurrection of Man, and though we cannot affirm the Truth, yet we dare not deny the Possibility of it, having known in this Country several Events almost as surprizing. The Fact stands thus related—One *Patrick Oneal*, supposed to have been killed when *Cromwell* put the Garrison of *Drogheda* to the Sword, has lately made Oath before one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, That, being in the Town during the Siege at the Time abovementioned, and finding, upon *Cromwell's* storming the Breach, he had no Quarters to expect, hid himself under a Tomb-stone in the Churchyard of —, and fell fast asleep. Some time after, how long, the Deponent can't say, hearing the Noise of Cannon, which is supposed to be the Time of King *William's*

William's passing the *Boyne*, he waked in a terrible Fright, and judging it to be *Oliver's* Artillery, he lay snug, and went to sleep again, till about a Month ago, dreaming he was dead, he started up, and to his very great Surprize, not only found himself well, but alive.

Huh! says the Parson, fetching a Groan.

Yesterday the twelve Malefactors were executed at *Tyburn*, and the Ordinary of *Newgate* assures us that thirteen of them were *Irish* Haymakers.

The same Day the famous *Buckborse* fought the noted *Irish* Boy for a considerable Sum, and beat his Antagonist in fourteen Minutes and a half; at which Place a certain great Officer had his Pocket pick'd of his Sword by a low-bred Rascal, and of his Purse, by a high-bred one.

Mrs. *Quondam*, at her Insurance Office from Fire, continues to oblige her good Customers as usual.

Yesterday the Lady *Faddle* set out for the *Bath*, for the Recovery of *Pompey's* Health, her Ladyship's favourite Dog; the poor little Creature having lately been much afflicted with the Mange.

Some time last Week died at *Scarborough*, Mrs. *Rachael Spinster*, a maiden Lady, possessed of 50000 £. in the Funds, which she has left to her only Son, a Minor, now at *Eaton School*. The Virtues of Charity, Chastity, and Benevolence, she possessed in a very eminent Degree, and her Death is justly lamented by the extensive Circle of her Acquaintance, particularly those who enjoyed the Sweets of that Friendship for which she was so greatly conspicuous.

Yesterday Mr. *Suet*, a Tallow-chandler of great Business, cut his Throat from Ear

to Ear, owing, it is said, to his Wife's having over-boiled a Leg of Lamb and Spinage; a Dish it seems he was extremely fond of. The Coroner's Inquest have fate upon the Body, and brought in their Verdict, *accidental Death*.

Mercy of Cot! says the Parson, for Lekk of Lamb and Spinage!

The same Day died at *Chelsea*, in the 96th Year of his Age, Ensign *Standfast*, who from a simple Cadet, was raised to a Pair of Colours at the ever memorable Battle of *Hochsted*. These Colours, which were the Reward of his Bravery, he retook from a *French* Dragoon, who having killed the Officer who bore them, was galloping off with them; when our young Hero, quitting his Rank, opposed his Flight, and killing the Horse first, and then his Rider, returned to his Ranks with that Trophy of his Valour. He was rewarded as above, and for his many good Qualities, enjoyed the Profits of his lu-

crative Post to his Death without the Envy of his Brother Officers.

Some Accounts from *Italy* inform us, that there was lately found in the Ruins of *Herculaneum* an Oven close stopped up, and not yet cold ; in which was a Goose Pye, the Crust raised in a spiral Form, after the Manner of the Antients, and a Venison Pasty, of a circular Form, and not unlike a modern one ; on which Signior *Goosecapini*, with some of his Friends, made an elegant Dinner, and protested they had never tasted any thing more delicious. The Pastrycook, who it is thought was looking after the Oven, was found setting on a Joint-stool, but without any Signs of Life. The Humbles, which were made up into another Pye, but not baked, have been sent over to our Royal Society.

The rest, says the Gentleman, is nothing but Charity Sermons, Lodgings to lett, and Horses to be sold——O, yes, said

said he, here is one Thing worth Notice ;
it's an Advertisement.

Any young Lady of small Fortune, handsome, plump, and perfectly sound, of a chearful Temper, and lively Conversation, inclined to pass away the tedious Hours at Cards, or any other innocent Amusement, with an elderly Gentleman, may, on submitting to be examined by a skilful Midwife, have a Settlement made on her for Life.

N. B. Neither Papist nor Dissenter need apply, the Gentleman being himself of the Church of *England*.

A Letter left for *A. B. Esq;* at the *Green Cannister* in *Half-Moon-street* in the *Strand*, shall be duly answered.

Oh, here's another.

Eloped Yesterday, for the third Time, *Mary*, the Wife of *John Cuckow*, supposed

with a Life-guard Man. If she will return to her disconsolate Husband, she shall be kindly received, and all her Faults forgiven.

What's this ? said he, here's an odd one.

For the great Benefit and Emolument of the *British* Parliament, the Lords, and the King and Royal Family, as well as the whole worthy *English* Nation, for whom I have the greatest Respect, I propose my Scheme of an Annual Guinea Lottery, which will infallibly pay off the National Debt of near Fourscore Millions, will replace Trade in its proper Channel, and make the whole Community rich and powerful to oppose their Enemies, both by Sea and Land, and put the Fear of God before their Eyes. I give my printed Proposals *gratis*, which will conduce to the Happiness of the *British* Nation in general, and to its Inhabitants in particular, whereby they may prevent the Enterprizes of the *French*, and make the *British* Flag honourable

honourable and a Terror to their Enemies, by the Grace of God and the Vigilance of the good Lords at the Helm of this powerful Kingdom.

JACOB RIHENQUES.

Different Remarks were made according to the different Tempers of the Company, which led them to Bed-time, where we shall leave them, and pursue *Buckborse* and his Friend.

D 5

C H A P.

C H A P. XVIII.

*Buckhorse sets out from Bath ; overtakes
Parson Tudor ; lose their Way ; Story of
a Shepherd.*

NOTHING material happened to them at *Bath*, only that Mr. *Stop'em*, finding a stray Tankard on a Table in the Kitchen of the Inn where they quartered, put it under his Coat, and carried it off. This perhaps he would not have done, but that *Buckhorse* had before declared all his Money was gone. They then made as much haste out of Town as the Exigency of their Affairs required. When they had got a little way upon *Marlborough Downs*, they heard some Words on the other Side of a Hedge, as it should seem between a Man and a Woman. The Laws of Cot forbid it, says the Man, as well as the Laws of Man ; though inteed I do crant, and I cannot teny that Fornication, and I am afrait Atultery, look you, is too common

mon among the Creat : put for all that, to you see, I will not stain my Soul with the Crime of Atultery. I am a married Man, look you, ant if I was Patchelor, Continnence is recommented by the Piple ; and though St. *Paul* says, *'tis petter to marry than to purn*, he toes only intimate therepy, that the Flesh is supject to repel ; and py Marriache he toes mean, perhaps, a spiritual Marriache with the Church ; that is, a supduing our Passions by the Assistance we hafe from Reason and from Relichion. But Sir, says the Woman, what must I do ? I am abandoned to Poverty and Disease. Trust in Cot, trust in Cot, says the Man, he never forsakes those that to put their Trust in him ; Cot Almighty has as much recart for the Soul of a poor repenting Harlot, as for that of a proud, ill-natur'd honest Woman, if such a Woman can pe call't honest. Look you, Sweetheart, I hafe a Frient at the next Town, who is a fery honest Man, and very compassionate, he is my Countryman, look you, an Apothecary, he shall
kife

kife you some Remeties to remofe your Diforter ; and for your Poferty, look you, I fhall porrow the Pulpit of my Prother Curate To-morrow Afternoon, whilft the Ficar is at Tinner, ant I will preach upon Charity : I am (though unworthy one) a Serfant of Cot, and I to lofe all my Fellow-creatures for his fake, except the *French* ; I do not lofe the *French*, Cot forgive me, I cannot lofe the *French* ; they are a perfidious People ; if they to teclare War againft this Nation, I will leafe my Flock to the Care of Cot, and I will co on poart a Man of War, ant I will preach ant pray for Succes akainft our Ennemies, as our Caufe is chuft ; and I will fight, if there is occafion : I do not lofe the *French*. Ha! Doctor, have you pick'd up a Whore ? faid *Buckhorfe* ; and by this abrupt Queftion, put an End to the naval Fight the Parfon was going to engage in. A loft Sheep, Friend, a loft Sheep, faid the Parfon, not feeing *Buckhorfe*, that hath ftrayed a little, look you, out of the Path of Virtue, put I hope Cot has mate me an *Instrument*

ment to comfort the poor Sinner. *Stop'em*, who from his having kept good Company, was able to extract Smut from the most innocent Meaning, burst out into a Horse-laugh at the Parson's last Words; and *Buckhorse* concluding there must have been some good Joke in it, tho' he did not understand it, laugh'd by way of Company.

'Tis ill Manners, said the Parson, half angry, to laugh at my Ords, if you understand my Meaning; and if you do not, 'tis Folly; I have no carnal Design upon the young Oman, I to lose her Soul, and I hope I shall make it happy; I will, I trust in God, make it free from Stain, as my Friend *Polus*; yes, *Polus*, that is his Name, shall make her Poty. *Buckhorse* going over to the Parson's Side, made an Apology for *Stop'em's* Behaviour. The Parson was pleas'd, and Things went smoothly on again.

They amused themselves so long with the delightful and various Prospects from the

the Hills, that Night came on sooner than they expected, and they lost their Way, and wandered about the Downs two or three Hours, till they grew quite tired, and then sat down to rest themselves. They had not long been seated, before the Parson started. I see it, says he. What? says *Buckhorse*. A Light, reply'd the Parson; come, let us trust in Cot for our Kuide; let us make up to it; if they are Christians, they will not refuse us a Lotching.

They made up to the Light, but were much surprized when they came up to it, to find it but a Shepherd's Hut. The Parson bid them be comforted, and trust in Cot, it was not long till Morning; and then began to tell them, that keeping of Sheep was an innocent and an antient Employment, and fery honourable; for *Tavid* himself, pefore he was King of *Israel*, tid keep Sheep; and pefore him, the Patriarchs attented their own Flocks. Ay, that may be, says *Buckhorse*, but if I had been
King

King of *Isbel*, do you call it? the Devil might have looked after Sheep for me. I wish, added he, I had some Bread and Cheese, and a Mug of Beer, for I am both dry and hungry. Trust in Cot, trust in Cot, says the Parson, he will send us Food in the Morning. Ay, I must trust I find, says *Buckhorse*; I wish I was at *Tom Smallwood's*, he would not ask me to trust.

By this Time they were come to the Door of the Hut, in which they saw a Man reclined upon a Bank of Turf, very attentive to a Book he had in his Hand. Mr. *Shepherd*, says the Parson, I am sorry we interrupt your Metitations; and without waiting for an Answer, turned to *Buckhorse*; Learning, says he, is a fine Thing; there is nothing enobles a Man so much; the more he has of that, the farther he is removed from the Brute, and the nearer he approaches to his Creator. I wish I was approached to *London*, says *Buckhorse*, for I am very hungry. I am glad, Gentlemen, says the Shepherd, I can in some Measure

Measure supply your Wants ; mine is but homely Fare ; but such as it is, you are welcome to it ; and opening a Cupboard, brought out some Bread and Cheese ; and going to a small Cask in one Corner of the Room, drew a Jug of tolerable good Beer. *Buckborse* was going to fall too, without any Ceremony. Hold, says the Parson, good Manners, as well as Humanity, requires the young Oman should first be served ; they are the weaker Vessel, and she must want Sustenance, from the Fatigue of so long a March ; and saying a Grace, which *Buckborse* thought too long by every Syllable in it, desired the young Woman to fall too ; she having helped herself, *Buckborse* and *Stop'em* began, in as much Earnest as if they were fighting for the whole House. The Parson observed, that Despair was a fery creat Crime, for Profitence was aple to relieve us from our createst Tistresses ; that when no human Succour was at hand, Men had been relieved in an almost miraculous Manner ; that the Children of *Israel*, in a barren Country, had

had been supplied by Quails from Heaven; and that *Moses*, py the Assistance of Cot, hat been aple to protuce Water in plenty from a Rock; that *Sampson*, perishing with Hunger, was relieved py Honey from the Chaws of an Afs; that with the same Weapon he had tiscomfited his Enemies; that he hat in a miraculous Manner caught an huntret Foxes, and py setting Fire to their Tails, hat consumed Part of their Country.—I apprehend, Sir, says the Shepherd, there is a Mistake in the Translation, for the *Hebrew* mentions nothing of Foxes. Cot's my Life, says the Parson, surprized, to you understand *Heprew*? Enough, Sir, says the Shepherd, to wonder that so many Errors as we find scattered up and down have not called upon abler Hands to give us a better Translation. I am, says the Parson, in the Ministry, an unworthy Servant of Cot, yet I profess I to not understand that Lankuache; I to understand the *Creek* toleraply well. Sir, says the Shepherd, the *Greek* is more sonorous, and even I think harmonious; but

but the *Hebrew* I think, for the right understanding the Scriptures, of infinitely more Use to a Clergyman. Why, that is true, reply'd the Parson; and if I was to pekin my Time acain, I should stuty the *Heprew*. Ha, says *Buckhorse*, what signifies it? *Slack* understands none of your Lingo's, and yet he'd beat them all one after another; that is, if he fought fair; he could have beat *Taylor* as easy as *Tom Smallwood* can beat me, but he's hollow.

By this Time the Company had supped, except the Parson, who having stept to *Palestine* for *Sampson* and his Foxes, had really forgot that he was hungry, but addressing himself to the Shepherd: Sir, says he, if I to not rop you of the little that is left, I would clatly support Nature. Spare not, Sir, says the Shepherd, I have a constant Supply from the next Town. Excuse my Freetom, says the Parson, there seems something misterious in your Contition; your Station and Pehaviour to not correspont. You are right, answered

answered the other, I am not what I seem ; and if your Curiosity leads you to know the Story of an unhappy Man, I shall willingly satisfy it. The Parson expressed his Desire to hear it, and the Shepherd began.

The STORY of the SHEPHERD.

I AM the Son of a Gentleman of considerable Fortune in a neighbouring County : having had an Education suitable to my Birth, I was sent abroad to see the World ; at my return, my Father being still healthy, and not in a very advanced Age, and likely to live some time, considered Idleness as the Bane of Youth, bought me a Commission in the Army, as he said, to keep me out of Harm's Way. I had not been long in the Service, before I happened to be quartered at a Town in *Sussex* ; and as the Fortune my Father allowed me, together with my Pay, was pretty considerable, I was enabled to keep the best Company. I soon became acquainted with all the People of Fashion in
that

that Neighbourhood ; I frequented Horse-races and other Diversions, and scarce ever missed the Assembly ; which, at this Place, happened to be once a Week. One Evening, as the Company was engaged at Country Dances, I stood looking on, the Lady who was to have been my Partner being prevented coming by a slight Indisposition. In the Middle of one of the Dances, a Servant came in, and whispered a young Gentleman who was then dancing; he changed Colour, and telling the Company his Father was taken suddenly ill, withdrew, and left his Partner standing. I offered her my Hand to go through the Dance, which she modestly refused, but was prevailed on by the Company to accept, on a Promise, if her Partner returned, to relinquish my Right. He did not return, and we danced together the remainder of the Evening.

The next Morning I waited on her, to enquire after her Health : She received me with a great deal of Politeness; and
her

her Conversation was so engaging that I begged Leave to repeat my Visit. She would have excused herself, being visited by the Gentleman who had been her Partner the preceding Night, it was thought, on the Score of Marriage ; but I was so pressing, that she at last consented. My Visits became very frequent, without any Design on my Part, till at length I became so charmed, it was no longer in my Power to refrain ; I still flattered myself I should be able to forbear, when I found there was any Danger ; but I deceived myself ; for Love had got Possession of my Soul, and it was no longer in my Power to retreat. I soon found I had made some Progress in her Affections, and pursued my Courtship, I knew not why, for I was firmly resolved not to marry, and had no Thought to have her on any other Terms : Her Conduct, indeed, forbid any such Thought entering into my Mind ; my Assiduities continued three or four Months ; in all which Time she had heard nothing of her supposed Lover.

One

One Evening as I was walking in the Fields, as was my Custom, I was accosted by a Gentleman ; Sir, says he, I have a Question to ask you. I was surpris'd at his Manner of speaking, and desired to know what were his Commands. Are you, Sir, serious in your Addresses to such a Lady, naming her, or is it only the Effect of Gallantry ? I told him, I knew no Right any Man had to ask me such a Question. I have, Sir, says he, with Fury in his Looks ; and if that be your Intention, we must first settle a small Account, laying his Hand on his Sword. I am not to be threatened into a Confession, said I ; if you think so, Sir, you do me wrong. We shall see that presently, said he, drawing his Sword. I drew mine in my own Defence, and he made two or three Passes at me, which I only parried ; but at length, receiving a Wound in my Arm, I thought it time to take Care of myself : Several more Thrusts past on each Side, and I received another Wound, and ran him quite through

through the Body. 'Tis your Fate to conquer every Way, said he, falling; you have robbed me of her I love, and Life is not worth preserving. Save yourself, my Father has Power here, and your Stay is dangerous.

I comforted him the best I could, bound up his Wounds, and left him, uncertain what Course to take; I would have fled immediately, but could not think of leaving the Woman I loved; I went home, and left Directions with my Servant, took Horse, and went to an obscure Village about ten Miles from the Town. The faithful Fellow, the better to conceal his Knowledge of my Place of Abode, affected to believe I had been robbed and murdered, and was industrious in spreading the Report. This prevented the Enquiry which would certainly have been made after me. From my Concealment I wrote to the Lady, informed her what had happened, and received such Answers, as convinced me I was not indifferent to her.

One

One or two, out of many I have preserved, will sufficiently shew whether I was right in my Judgment. The following, which was in answer to mine that informed her of my Flight, and the Cause of it, ran thus :

“ It is in vain to deny that I feel a Con-
 “ cern at the Accident that has happened
 “ to you ; I would willingly persuade my-
 “ self it arises from my Knowledge of be-
 “ ing the unhappy Cause of it ; for the
 “ Gentleman whom you engaged is Mr.
 “ ———, for whom I own I had an Es-
 “ teem, which might perhaps have im-
 “ proved into something else, had I not
 “ seen another Object———Take Care
 “ of your Health, if you would oblige
 “ ———.”

The second was an Answer to one, in which I pressed her for Leave to visit her, and ran in this Manner :

“ A

“ A Visit from you, at this Time, is
 “ wholly improper ; Decency forbids it,
 “ as the Town knows, that tho’ I did not
 “ encourage Mr. ——’s Visits, yet I did
 “ not forbid them ; and as his Wound is
 “ dangerous, it may not be safe for you
 “ to come ; and my Heart tells me, if
 “ any Accident should happen to you, it
 “ would add greatly to the Distress I am
 “ now under——.”

The third I received was in answer to
 one, in which I assured her, that Life, in
 my present Situation, was a Burthen to
 me ; and whatever might be the Confe-
 quence, I was determined to throw myself
 at her Feet, conjured her not to refuse me
 that Consolation, and declared my Reso-
 lution of waiting on her the next Night.

“ My Concern for your Safety makes
 “ me wish you would lay aside all
 “ Thoughts of coming here ; but should
 “ you resolve, against my Advice, I beg
 VOL. II. E “ you

" you would use Discretion, as you value
 " the Repose of ———."

At the Time and Place appointed we met, where I said, and did a thousand Things, which the Extravagance of my Passion directed, pressed her to a Promise of Marriage, which she modestly declined ; but withal assured me, she would not rashly enter into any Engagement which I should have Cause to complain of ; said, she was doubly bound to obey her Father ; first from a Principle of Duty, and next from a Promise she had given him, never to marry against his Consent ; which she observed, there was but little Probability of my obtaining as I then stood circumstanced ; but she hoped the Gentleman would recover ; in which Case she did not doubt but her Father would think himself honoured by an Alliance with me. I took a tender Leave of her, and obtained her Permission to visit her three Times a Week ; which I did regularly, was received

ceived with a Tendernefs and Affection mixed with Modesty and Reserve.

One Night she came to the Rendezvous, with Tears streaming from her Eyes, and informed me, the Gentleman was dead; though he had, in his last Moments, taken the Blame upon himself, by assuring those about him, he had been the Aggressor. I was greatly shocked at this Account, not only for the unhappy Gentleman's Death, but for the Obstacles I foresaw it must throw in my Way. As to Danger, on my own Account, I apprehended little from the Gentleman's Declaration; besides which, I had the Testimony of my own Conscience, which cleared me of any Intention in the Misfortune which had happened.

She allowed me the Liberty of a tender Farewell, but insisted on my coming no more till we saw what Turn Affairs might take.

After three Days spent in the utmost Anxiety, my Servant brought a Letter from her ; which opening hastily, I found contained these Words :

“ Another Misfortune has happened—
 “ My Brother is dead—and I am now an
 “ Heiress. This last Circumstance would
 “ be highly pleasing to me, had I the
 “ Disposal of myself ; you should then see
 “ what an Opinion I have of your Merit ;
 “ but as it is, I dread the Consequence,
 “ as I fear my Father will enlarge his
 “ Views for what he calls my Happiness ;
 “ but be assured, he will find it a difficult
 “ Matter to persuade me ; it can be found
 “ but where I have given my Heart.”

The Assizes for the County coming on, I took my Trial, and was honourably acquitted ; and then waited on the Father of my Adorable with her Consent, who flatly refused me ; and told me, he had something

something else in View for his Daughter ; besides, added he, if I had not, I should not think of taking a Murderer into my Family.

I represented to him it was an Accident, for which I was no ways blameable. The unhappy Gentleman had been the Cause of his own Misfortune ; that my own Safety obliged me to what I had done. — He cut short, and told me, I need take no Pains to justify myself to him, it was no Concern of his, wished me Success elsewhere, but desired I should think no more of his Daughter ; and turning from me, left me in the greatest Agonies.

I informed my lovely Mistress of the Reception her Father had given me, who did not seem surprized, said she expected as much ; for that a Nobleman in that Neighbourhood had but two Days before made Proposals of Marriage for his eldest Son.

I now foresaw the Difficulties I should have to struggle with, and fancied, from her calm Manner of relating this Circumstance, it was not displeasing to her; but I wrong'd her, I wrong'd the dear angelick Creature; for she judging what passed within, from the apparent Confusion I was under, addressed me in the following Manner:

“ If,” says she, “ your Regard for me
 “ is sincere, as I have no Reason to doubt,
 “ you must be much more alarmed at my
 “ Father’s Resolution than at the Ad-
 “ dresses of this Nobleman, whose Aim is
 “ clearly at the Fortune he supposes I
 “ shall be possessed of; for he saw none of
 “ those Charms he now so plainly dis-
 “ covers before my Brother’s Death; and
 “ to deal plainly with you, it hurts my
 “ Pride, and I shall never think of giving
 “ my Heart to a Man who forms his No-
 “ tion of Happiness with me from the
 “ Number of Acres I can add to his Es-
 “ tate:

“tate : I shall lay aside the Reserve so
 “often affected by our Sex, and frankly
 “own to you, I had, upon cool and ma-
 “ture Deliberation, formed a System of
 “Happiness with you, which I am sorry
 “to see interrupted, but owe so great a
 “Regard to a Father, who I know means
 “me well, that I shall not purchase my
 “own Happiness at the Expence of his
 “Uneasiness, nor shall I sacrifice that
 “Happiness to his Whim or Caprice ; be
 “satisfied I esteem——perhaps something
 “more than esteem you ; and shall use
 “all the Rhetorick I am Mistress of to
 “bring my Father over to your In-
 “terest.”

This frank Declaration drew from me
 the warmest Acknowledgments of Love
 and Gratitude. I assured her, I did not
 in the least consider her Fortune, that my
 sole Aim was Happiness, and in the Pos-
 session of her Person I could find that,
 without a Shilling of her Fortune ; told

her, I should propose it in this Light to her Father, which she dissuaded me from, desiring I should leave that Part to her. I took my Leave, after a thousand Protestations of the most unalterable Love, and receiving from her Assurances of the utmost Constancy.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIX.

*The Shepherd's Story continues. Parson
Tudor surprised.*

TH E Day was appointed for the young Nobleman to make his first Visit : He was received with great Politeness by the Father, who introduced him to his Daughter ; and soon after took his Leave. My Lord told her, he supposed she was not unacquainted with the Intent of his Visit, and hoped she would not refuse her Consent, when her Father had already given his. She told him, she supposed old People seldom considered any thing upon these Occasions but the Union of Estates ; that of Hearts was a Consideration worthy the Attention of young ones, and she had not known his Lordship a sufficient Time to be able to form a Judgment upon that Head ; that Equipage and Titles had no Charms for her ; that she should chiefly

E 5

regard

regard Merit, whenever she changed her Condition ; which, however, was not likely to be soon. He said a great many fine Things of *London*, Balls, Assemblies, Masquerades, Drums, Routs, Revels, and Ridotto's, the Charms of Precedency, the Splendour of a Court, the Admiration of ours, and the Envy of her own Sex, the Beauties of *Garrick's* playing, Signiora ----'s fine Pipe, his *Roan Mare's* prodigious Speed ; and so concluded his first Visit.

His Lordship considered this young Lady in no other Light than as a breeding Mare, who was to bring forth a Brood of young Lords to grace *Newmarket* in some future Generation.

At his second Visit, he told her, that tho' he was in the House, he was no Speaker ; she was a fine Woman, he liked her, few Words were best, he would settle such a Jointure on her, as she herself should approve, he did not love haggling, it was below a Man of Quality, he could make Al-
lowances

lowances for Maiden Shyness, and a great many other polite Things ; and concluded with saying, if she would name her Conditions, the Writings should be drawn up that very Day.

The next introduced his Lordship again, and he much such Conversation as before : In short, not to dwell upon Trifles, the Marriage was agreed upon by all the Parties—except the young Lady, who could not be brought to conceive, that though her Father had a Right to advise, or direct, he had none to compel, in an Affair where her Happiness was chiefly concerned : She, therefore, represented to him, that though she approved of me for a Husband, yet, as he was not inclined to the Match, she would not pursue it, and hoped he would be kind enough to weigh her Objections against his Lordship's Pretensions, before he interposed his Authority. Pshaw ! says he, you are all alike ; had I recommended this Fellow that has got into your Head, you'd have perhaps

perhaps liked my Lord. Had my Lord, Sir, replied she briskly, been a Man of Sense, and the Gentleman you speak of a Coxcomb, I should certainly have had the same Objection to your Choice. Sense! who the Devil made thee a Judge of Sense? replied he; if none but People of Sense were to marry, the World would be thinly inhabited: My Lord has a fine Estate, is a handsome Fellow, and I like him; therefore prepare, for *Thursday* ten'night is fixed for your Wedding-day. No Reply, added he, perceiving her about to speak, I have decreed it, and my Decrees are as unalterable as those of the *Medes* and *Persians* were of old: 'Tis a good Match, and you must, you shall be happy; but suppose some little Difference should arise between you, as scarce any married Pair are without, I am of the Opinion of a late celebrated Poet,

*The Woes of Wedlock, with the Joys we mix;
'Tis best repenting in a Coach and Six.*

I am

I am to wait upon my Lord and his Father this Morning, and shall carry the agreeable News of your having given your Consent. 'Tis impossible, Sir, said she; that ever my Heart can consent to this Union: Hear but my Reasons.—I'll hear none, said he; no, not if, as *Falstaff* says, *they grew as thick as Blackberries*: Give him thy Hand; and if he can't then find the Way to thy Heart, 'tis his Fault. Marry first, Love comes after, is an old Proverb, and I believe a true one. 'Tis a coarse one, Sir, as it implies something which a Woman of the least Delicacy must be shock'd at the thoughts of. Fiddle faddle about Delicacy, said the old Gentleman, I tell you I'm resolved, and it shall be so; I will be obeyed; which last Words he spoke with so much Resolution as convinced her it would be impossible to oppose it. He left her, and swore, if she did not come to a Resolution of marrying his Lordship within twenty-four Hours,

Hours, he should never look upon her as his Daughter again..

At Night I waited upon her according to Custom, when she informed me of what I have related. Is it possible, said I, my dear Angel can refuse so advantageous a Match for my Sake, and yet refuse to confer that Happiness on me which none other can bestow? I have bestowed my Heart, said she, looking tenderly on me, but shall bestow nothing else till Time and Circumstances alter Things; my Disobedience to my Father's Will is sufficient Provocation, without the further Offence of marrying contrary to his Inclination; Time may produce something in our Favour: Of this be assured, that it cannot alter the good Opinion I have of you. I embraced her tenderly, and pressed her with all the Arguments I was Master of to grant the Completion of my Happiness, by consenting to our speedy Marriage, but all
in

in vain; she again declared, she could not for the present think of it.

The Day appointed for her Marriage with my Lord was drawing nigh, without my being able to prevail on her to alter her Resolution in my Favour.

The Morning of the intended Wedding, her Maid brought me a Letter, which contained the following Words, which I shall never forget :

“ S I R,

“ You must see me no more, at least
 “ for some Time, finding my Father in-
 “ flexible to all I could urge in your Fa-
 “ vour, and determined to sacrifice me to
 “ his Lordship. I can find no other way
 “ to prevent my Ruin than by Flight.
 “ You are the only Man to whom my
 “ Love would have made the Place of
 “ my intended Abode no Secret, and yet
 “ the only Man to whom my Reason tells
 “ me it should remain so: Whatever be-
 “ comes

“ comes of me, be assured, you have my
 “ sincerest Wishes for your Happiness.
 “ Farewell, and oh ! perhaps, a long
 “ Farewell.”

The Maid, upon delivering this, informed me her Mistress had that Morning disappeared, and nobody knew which way she was gone. I raved, swore, stamp'd about the Room like a Madman, accused her of Inconstancy ; but, upon reading her Letter again, blamed myself for a Thought so injurious to her, found it was her severe Virtue that had caused her to take so rash a Step. I ordered my Horses to be got ready, determined to pursue her, though I knew not whither ; I judg'd *London* was the likeliest Place she could chuse for her Concealment, and resolved to take that Road.

In riding through a Wood, I was saluted with a Pistol, shot from behind some Bushes, which concealed my Affailant ;
 and ~~was~~ about to see which way the

S. 1.

Shot came, received another, which killed my Horse, who falling under me, I received a third Shot in my left Arm, and drawing a Pistol from my Holsters, ran directly to the Bushes from whence I perceived the Shot came; there I beheld his Lordship my Rival, and another Person, and not doubting but their Design was to murder me, I discharged my Pistol full at his Lordship; the Fellow, who was with him, seeing him fall, advanced, and levelling another Pistol at my Head, had undoubtedly killed me, had not my Servant, by going round on the other Side of the Bushes, knocked him down with the But-End of his Whip. This honest Fellow was so exasperated at his Villany, that he would have killed him, but the Fellow begged hard for Mercy, and I saved him: He confessed my Lord had bribed him to kill me. I ran to my Lord, and in the first Gust of my Passion knew not what I might have done, had he not appeared without Signs of Life: I then thought it prudent to take Care of myself, and

and mounting my Servant's Horse, crossed the Country; and arriving at a Market-Town, sent for a Surgeon, and had my Wound dressed, informing him, I had been set upon by Robbers.

The Agony of the Wound, and the Loss of Blood, threw me into a Fever, and I kept my Bed for a Fortnight; at the End of which Time, finding myself in a Condition to travel, I hired a returned Coach, contrary to my Surgeon's Advice, who thought me too weak to bear the Fatigue, and got safe to *London*.

I had given my Servant Directions where to wait for me; who, at my Arrival, shewed me a News-paper, which gave an Account of such a Lord being set upon by Thieves in such a Wood; whom, after a brave Resistance, they had cruelly murdered, with a Reward for apprehending the Villains. This threw me into extreme Perplexity; I lay concealed in the Day-time, and at Night made all possible

possible Enquiry after my dear Fugitive, but all my Endeavours to that Purpose proved vain. Tired with the fruitless Search, I retired into the Country, a few Miles from this Place, where I endeavoured to dispel the Melancholy that hung over me, but all in vain; the Thoughts of my dear Mistress still haunted me, and the Continuance of the Advertisements with the Reward for apprehending me. I began to consider of a safer Retreat, and was soon convinced it was necessary for me so to do; for my Servant one Morning entering my Room with Horror in his Looks, put a Paper in my Hand, which gave an Account of his Lordship's Death, and that no Pains or Cost would be spared to bring his Murderers to Justice.

Though Death, in my present Condition, had nothing very terrible in it, yet the Thoughts of an ignominious one shocked me, and I sent my Man to procure me a Disguise, which happening to be that of a Shepherd, I took upon me
the

the Employment ; in which I have found so much Satisfaction, that were it not for the Loss of her I love, I should be content to live here for ever. My Servant is the only Person in these Parts acquainted with my Condition, and lodges at yonder Town, visits me every Day, and brings me such homely Fare as conceals me from the Suspicion of the Neighbourhood, and with which I am content ; for, as his Lordship is recovered, I have no other Motive to induce me to this Retirement but the Disgust I have taken to the Vanities of Life, and am determined to remain in this Solitude till Fortune shall restore my Love.

The Shepherd having finished his Story, the Parson observed, it was against all Laws, both human and divine, to force Children to marry against their Inclinations ; it was attended with Heart-purnings and Uneasinesses, and Malanchollies, and was afraid would be punished in another Place ; for it is certain, look you, added he,

he, that the Sins committed py Children, in consequence of these forced Marriages, to you see, are in a creat Measure lait to the Accounts of the Parents.

The Shepherd's Story, and the Parson's Remarks on it, took up so much Time, that the Night was far spent, though the Parson seemed inclined to take t'other Trip to the East, or rather indeed brought *Sampson* and his Foxes, *David* and the Children of *Israel* again into the West; but the Shepherd reminded him, that as he was upon a Journey, Sleep was very necessary, and advised him to compose himself, as his Friends had done. *Buckhorse* especially, the Moment he had supped, fell to playing such a Tune with his Nose, as a Man, not well skilled in Musick, might have mistaken for the Drone of a *Scotch Bagpipe*.

As soon as the rosy Morning appeared over the neighbouring Hills, and the Sun began

began to gild the Downs, the Parson rose, and after a short Ejaculation, as was his Custom, he went to the Door of the Hut, where the Shepherd hearing him, soon came; they entered into a Conversation on the Beauties of the Morning, the Charms of Solitude, the Power and Goodness of that Being who gave Birth to All, and other such Subjects, which naturally flow from the Mind of a thinking Man, and are a Sort of grateful Offerings, sent up by way of Thanksgiving, for that Multitude of Blessings we daily receive from the Hands of our great Creator.

Whilst they were discoursing thus, they perceived a Coach coming across the Downs in a right Direction towards the Hut. What can this mean? said the Shepherd: A Coach and so many Attendants so early, and directing its Course this Way! This is no publick Road. He ran in for his Spying-glass, and having viewed the Company that was advancing, A greater
Mystery

Mystery still ! said he to the Parson ; my Servant is at the Head of this Company, I know not what to think of it.

Before they were able to form any Conjectures, the Servant came galloping up to his Master. Sir, said he, smiling, here is an unexpected Visiter, whose Appearance will be highly pleasing to you : Mr. *Willmore*.—Mr. *Willmore* ! said the Shepherd, impossible ! At that Instant the Coach stopped, and out came an elderly Gentleman. Sir, says he, addressing himself to the Shepherd, I presume I am not wholly out of your Remembrance. A Person so nearly related to my *Harriet*, said the Shepherd, bowing respectfully, must ever find a Place in my Remembrance. Then I suppose, said the Gentleman, there is a Condition on which you can forgive the Uneasiness and Anxiety I have been the Cause of—I know you can, added he ; you loved my Daughter, and I think had her Happiness in View ; so had I, but was mistaken in the Means, and am now
come

come to make Atonement for that Mistake, if you still have the same Sentiments for my Daughter—If, Sir! interrupted the Shepherd; doubt it not, my Life, my Soul, is wrapt up ——— No Raptures, said the Gentleman; but as I find your Regard for her continues, it will be some Satisfaction to you to know that, after what I made her suffer on your Account, she still has the same Opinion of you, and the same Obedience to me; and her Consent to marry you, which I bring, is in Consequence of my Commands; which however, I believe, she finds no great Difficulty in obeying; though she would have put off the Execution of it for some Time, had not I, to make you both Reparation, insisted on its being done with all convenient Speed. Oh! Sir, said the Shepherd, this is too much, you are all Goodness; and taking Mr. *Willmore's* Hand between his, pressed it, and with Tears of Joy cried out, My dear *Harriet*! does she still live?—and live for me!——Heaven, I thank you, and ——— I thank you, Sir; may that

that same Providence which has permitted you to promote my Happiness, shower down new Blessings on you every Day ; may a chearful and healthy old Age bless you for this ; may ———. Hold, hold, said Mr. *Willmore*, not so many Blessings at once, keep some of them, and your Raptures too for the Girl, to recompence her for her Sufferings.

Mr. *Willmore* insisted upon the Shepherd going directly along with him to the next Town, where his Daughter waited to receive him. The Shepherd, with Mr. *Willmore*'s Consent, pressed the Parson to accept a Place in the Coach, *Buckborse*, *Stop'em*, and the young Woman chusing to walk on Foot.

You may wonder, Sir, said Mr. *Willmore*, addressing himself to the Shepherd, at this Turn in your Favour, as I had taken such violent Methods to oppose it ; you know not yet perhaps how much this poor Girl has suffered on your Account :

'Tis true, indeed, I did not know till lately how great a Villain my Lord had been. After his Recovery from the Wound you gave him, he followed me up to Town, where I had been in Pursuit of this then unhappy Girl. Here a good-natured Tear stole down his Cheek, which having wiped off, he continued; my Search having proved vain, I was preparing to return home, when I received a Letter, the Purport of which was this :

“ Sir,

“ **M**Y Lord is a Villain; he purposes to
 “ abuse your Daughter; he has had
 “ her confined in a Mad-house; where,
 “ not being able to bring her to consent to
 “ be his Wife, he has sworn to dishonour
 “ her; she was betrayed by her Maid, who
 “ was let into the Secret of her Retirement:
 “ The Keeper has Orders to use her with
 “ the greatest Severity; and his Lordship,
 “ to carry on the Deceit, threatens him with
 “ commencing a Prosecution against him;
 “ he replies, he has Orders from the La-
 “ dy's

“ dy’s Father for what he does——I was
 “ the Person concerned with him in the
 “ intended Affassination of the Gentleman
 “ in the Wood, have been privy to many
 “ other of his Villainies, which I heartily
 “ repent of, and hope this will reach you
 “ Time enough to prevent the Lady’s
 “ Ruin.”

Perdition seize him! said the enraged
 Lover: Where is this Villain of a Lord,
 this Disgrace to Nobility and Humanity?
 Out of your Reach, said Mr. *Willmore*; a
 Dose of Laudanum prevented the Inqui-
 ries that would have been made in this
 Affair, as well as the Reproaches of a
 guilty Conscience—I had got, continued
Willmore, from the same Hand, proper
 Directions how to proceed, and where
 to go; I took two or three Friends along
 with me, with all the Expedition recom-
 mended in the Letter, having proper Au-
 thority. When we reached the Gates of
 these infernal Mansions, the Keeper de-
 nied the having any such Person in his

Custody, and seemed much confused; but being told we were authorised to see, he, with some Reluctance, at last consented.

Good God! who can express my Horror when I entered into this Scene of Woe? my poor dear Girl stretched upon the Floor in one Corner of the Room, a handful of Straw her Bed, and a coarse Blanket her Covering. Preserve me Heaven! said I on seeing her, is this my Child? Forgive me Heaven; oh, my *Harriet*! She stared wildly upon me, and seemed indeed in that Condition the Keeper represented her. My Father! cried she faintly, Heaven bless you. I took her in my Arms; Be of Comfort, my dear Child, said I, I hope your Sufferings are at an End; they shall, if thy deluded Father can atone for his Cruelty. Oh! Sir, she cried, and fainted in my Arms.

She recovered by Degrees, and looking round the Room, cried out with some Emotion, where is this wicked Lord? I

told

told her she had nothing now to fear, these were all Friends come to protect her from his Villainies. I see, said I, my Folly, heartily repent of it, and ask my dear Child Forgiveness. Forgive me, Sir, the Trouble and Anxiety I have given you, I promise —— And I promise, said I, interrupting her, never more to cross my dear *Harriet*.

We left her with a Maid who had brought some Cloaths ; and as soon as she was dressed, took her away from this vile Place ; and am now suing the infamous Keeper.

She told us on our Return, that his Lordship had been with her the Moment before we entered ; where, from Persuasions and Entreaties, he was proceeding to Force, had not a Noise below, which she supposed was our entering, caused him to run to the Window ; that he immediately quitted the Room, and left her in the Condition in which we found her.—May

his Soul suffer eternal Torments, said the Shepherd, for those he has caused her to feel.

They were by this Time come to the Inn, where the young Lady waited with the utmost Impatience for her Father's Return. When they entered the Room—If, Reader, thou hast ever been in Love, thou may'st conceive what Raptures such a Meeting, after such a Separation, must produce. Oh, *Harriet* ! said the Lover, I must curse myself for having been the Cause of all thy Sufferings : And I, said she, shall always bless you for having been the Cause of preventing my Union with such a Monster !—Cease your Curses and your Blessings, said the Father, think no more of what's past, you are now together, make each other amends for your long Separation ; and may that Father who, from cursed Ambition, opposes his Child's Happiness, feel, if possible, worse Pangs than I have done.

A Messenger was immediately dispatched for a License, and they were married by honest Parson *Tudor*, to whom Mr. *Willmore* made a Present of Fifty Guineas.

The Morning that was appointed for their Return to *London*, a Countryman came into the Kitchen, where the Parson was smoaking his Pipe, and addressing himself to one who sat by the Fire, Egad, Neighbour, said he, we have shopt un; they are *Loonon* Boites; the little one is a devilish active Fellow, Ecod, we had much ado to carry un; but had he been the Devil, he should have gone; he struggled main hard, and talk'd of 'Squire somebody and the Parson; zaid the Parson was come to this Town with a 'Squire in a Coach and Six.

Honest Friend, says Parson *Tudor*, who are the People you have been speaking of? Whoy, says the Countryman, two Men

and a Woman that stole a Tankart at *Bath*, and we caught un napping at the Shepherd's Hut upon the Downs. The Shepherd's Hut ! says the Parson, and for stealing a Tankard ! Cot's my Life ! Ay, added the Country Fellow, and one on-um zaid as how it was the Parson that was gone away that had stole the Tankard.

Look you, honest Friend, said the Parson, I was at the Place you to mention with such People as you to speak of, put I to know nothing of they, or any poty else stealing a Tankard. Cot blefs your Unterstanding, look you, put this must pe a Mistake. Mistak, or not Mistak, said the Countryman, the Innkeeper of *Bath* has sworn to the Tankard, and they are now in *Salisbury* Goal.

The now happy Couple, and Mr. *Willmore*, departed from the Inn for *London* ; but the Parson excused himself from being of the Party, as an Accitent had happened

happened to his Friends, ant he would not leave them in Affliction, especially as the Lort had pless't him with the Means of serving them, not toubting, but with half the Ready Money he was posselt of, he might purchase their Redemption, had they already been at the Foot of the Gal-
lows.

F 5

CHAP.

C H A P. XX.

*Buckhorse in Salisbury Goal; is visited by
the Parson; Story of Mr. M^cRap.*

THE Parson hired a Horse of the Landlord of the Inn, and set out for *Salisbury*, where he found his Friends in Goal, as the Countryman had told him. He bid them be of good Cheer, gave them two or three Texts of Scripture to comfort them, but did it more effectually, by assuring them, it was please Cot to sent him a plentiful Fortune since he tid see them, that he would serve them to the utmost of his Power; put, added he, if you are kilty, tischarge your Consciences py a frank Confession; and tho' your Poties should suffer, I will pray to Cot for your immortal Parts; the Thief upon the Cross tid obtain Forkifeness, pe-cause he was repent.—They all declared their Innocence, especially *Stop'em*, who protested, with up-lifted Eyes, that he

knew

knew no more of it than the Child unborn; he should think it a greater Crime than even Theft itself, to deny the Truth, especially at a Time when it was possible his Life might be in danger. The Parson launched out in the Praise of so much Honesty, bid them continue in these Sentiments, and he made no doubt his Soul would be happy; it signified little what became of our Bodies, so we preserved the immortal Part——But, says he, my Friends, you are, perhaps, a hunker'd. *Buckhorse* told him he was devilishly so. Forpear, said the Parson, have no such Words in your Mouth, your Hunker shall be relieved; and ordered a Joint of Mutton to be immediately dressed.—Cot's my Life, said he, searching his Pockets, I have forked my Money. He had, indeed, before his setting out, desired the Landlord to get him a Bill for his Money, but had, in his Hurry to serve his Friends, set out before the Landlord's Return.

After

After they had dined, the Parson called in the Goaler; let my Friends, says he, have whatefer they may want till my Return, I shall pay you for the Whole. Very well, said the Goaler, I don't care who pays me, so I am but paid. You shall be paid, said the Parson, but I have forket my Money, I shall go back for it, I shall be here again, please Cot, To-morrow. Ay, says the Goaler, that won't go to Market, Master; I can't live by Trusting; I must be paid before you leave the House; you bespoke the Dinner, and I expect my Money of you; I have been taken in too often not to be upon my Guard now. The Parson protested he had no Inclination to wrong him, it was an Accident. Don't tell me, says the Goaler, no Tricks upon Travellers, I've seen the World as well as you, Friend.

Whilst they were disputing, a Gentleman came into the Goal, and looking round him, espied *Buckhorse* very sorrowful;

ful; Ay, *Buck*, says he, shaking him by the Hand, how came you here? *Buck-horse* informed him. Pshaw, says the Gentleman, a Flea-bite, who is that Gentleman? pointing to the Parson, and what's the Matter? Sir, says the Parson, I shall tell you; I was receive Fifty Guineas, look you, at ———, I forket the Name of the Place, where I heard of my Frients Misfortune; and hasing sent for a Pill for that Sum, py way of Safety, as the Roats are tangerous, I was in such haste to relieve my Frients, that I was forkett my Pill. The Gentleman having surveyed the Parson, found he was one of whom something might be made; Doctor, says he, don't make yourself uneasy, I am well known here, I'll pass my Word, and I don't doubt but you'll repay me. Cot is my Witnefs, I will, said the Parson; and taking his Leave, set out for the Village.

The Name of the Gentleman we have introduced is *M'Rap*, a Person well known

known about *Newgate* and the *Old Bailey*, and is the same we mentioned to have begun an Acquaintance with *Buckborse* at a Club in the VIIth Chapter of this Work ; and by Way of Amusement for our Reader, shall here acquit ourselves of our Promise, and give him this Gentleman's History.

The HISTORY of Mr. M'RAP.

MR. *Darby Rap*, alias *M'Rap*, is a Gentleman of *Ireland*, was born near *Portarlinton*, in the Queen's County, and was the only Son of *Patrick* and *Sheelab* his Wife. The scandalous Chronicle indeed says, that Mrs. *Sheelab* was seven Months gone with Child of *Darby* by a *French* Officer upon Half-pay, of the abovementioned Place, with whom she had lived as a Servant ; and who, for the valuable Consideration of a Milch Cow and twenty Shillings in good hard Money, Mr. *Patrick* agreed to take off his Hands. This, however, we do not affirm, but as a
faith-

faithful Historian, are obliged to mention.

One Thing indeed I think seems to render this Account improbable, and that is, the Tenderness with which Mr. *M'Rap* always treated his Spouse, the Joy he expressed at the Birth of Master *Darby*, and the Care he took of his Education; for no sooner had the young Gentleman entered into his 14th Year, than his Father thought he might find a more suitable Employment for him than looking after a neighbouring Farmer's Cows; in Consequence of which Resolution, he, upon diligent Inquiry, found out Mr. *James Dun*, a School-master of great Note in the abovesaid Town of *Portarlinton*.

To this Gentleman's Care he consigned the young Man, having first bought a new Pair of Stockings and a Pair of Brogues, the first he had ever put on, his Father having ever been of Opinion that a General, for which Employment he designed

signed his Son, ought to be inured to Hardships, to accustom him to the Fatigues that generally attend that way of Life.

Darby was a good Kind of Boy, and very honest in his Nature, but was obliged now and then to pick up a straggling Cock or Hen, to supply his Wants, which were sometimes very great, his Papa and Mama keeping him rather too bare.

In one of his Adventures of this Kind, having neglected his usual Precaution, he was unhappily taken in the very Fact of stealing Monsieur *Levieux's* favourite Cock; who, notwithstanding *Darby* made a thousand Protestations of his Innocence, had the Barbarity to horsewhip him most unmercifully, without ever considering the Straights to which the poor Boy was driven, and swore *Jarnibleu*, you litela Rogue, if evra me caché you here again to

to steal my Cock, *Parbleu* me senda you to Jail.

Young *Darby*, who considered he was the Aggressor, made no Resistance, but vowed Revenge whenever Occasion should offer, and which he put in Practice in the following Manner:

Whoever has been at *Portarlinton* must needs remember the *English* Church, near which there stands, or stood a Tree, which Tree was about twenty-five or thirty Yards from Monsieur *Levieux's* House. In this Tree then our young Spark had planted himself, having first provided a Half-penny-worth of Twine; to the End of which he had fastened seven or eight Yards of single Horse-hair-line; he had imparted his Resolution to a School-fellow of his, whose Business was to fasten the Line occasionally to the Knocker of Monsieur *Levieux's* Door.

Matters

Matters being thus settled, and the Night very dark, *Darby*, by Means of the Twine he held in his Hand, knocked at the old Gentleman's Door, which was immediately opened by Mrs. *Bridget*, a favourite Servant of Monsieur *Levieux's*, who looking round, and seeing nobody, shut it again ; which was no sooner done, than a second Rap, louder than the first, brought her back ; she opened it again, but seeing nobody, went in to serve up her Master's Supper.

Just as she had dished a fine Partridge her Master had that Morning killed, came a third Rally ; she opened the Door again, but still seeing nobody, she returned to her Kitchen, muttering something very like a Curse against the Villains who gave her so much Trouble ; as she was going up Stairs, comes a fourth Knock ; she expecting to catch the bold Intruder, sets her Dish upon the Stairs, and runs to the Door,

Door, looks round and round, and perceiving nobody, goes in again.

Sancho, a young Dog of the Pointer Kind, who had been abroad with his Master that Morning, and had set the very Bird which was then going to be served up, finding Mrs. *Bridget's* Back turned, whips up the Partridge, and running into the Kitchen, fell to Supper; Mrs. *Bridget* suspecting the Thief, ran after *Sancho*, and with the Spit, fell upon the poor Dog; whose Cries brought down Monsieur *Levieux*, to whom Mrs. *Bridget* related the Misfortune, and the Occasion of it.

Ho, ho, *Parbleu*, said the old Gentleman, tapping the Side of his Nose with the Fore-finger of his Right-hand, leta me alone, leta me alone, me attrape de litel Jackanap——He ran up Stairs and planted himself at a Window which commanded the Door, with a certain Chamber Utensil before him.

Madame

Madame *Levieux*, who had been out a visiting, was just returned, and knocking at the Door, received the whole Contents of the abovementioned Utenfil; she screamed out, which drew the whole Family to the Door; who finding the Mistake, were all employed in rubbing down the old Lady.

Darby's Friend laying hold of the Opportunity, finding them employed within, drew near the Door, and gently, betwixt his Finger and his Thumb, took up some of the Ointment which had slipped off Madame *Levieux's* Head and Shoulders, and with it anointed the Knocker; then giving the Signal, *Darby* began knocking as if the House had been on fire.

Monfieur *Levieux* came himself to the Door, with a Candle in his Hand, which *Darby* perceiving, gave a pull, in order to snap the Line and prevent a Discovery; the Pull occasioned a Knocking, and the old Gentleman having his Eye fixed on the
the

the Knocker, and seeing no body near it, cried out with some Surprize, *He, que Diable ! que'ce que ça veut dire ?* but putting on his Spectacles, and examining the Knocker closely, found his Fingers soiled, and a very unsavory Smell saluted his Nose, and seeing the Horse-hair, concluded some unlucky Dog had got into the aforesaid Tree to play him this Trick; and calling out to Mrs. Bridget, *Aporte la Lanterne*, said he; and going to the Tree, held up the Lanthorn to examine it.

Darby, seeing the Danger he was exposed to, luckily thought of an Expedient to save himself; he drew out an Engine, which he always carried about him, and squirting directly in the old Gentleman's Face, not only blinded him, but likewise put out his Candle, and leaping down at the same Instant, almost crushed the poor old Gentleman to Death.

It

It is needless to observe, that after such an Exploit, *Darby* and his Friend took to their Heels, and it was happy for them they did so; for Monsieur *Le-vieux*'s Cries had brought the Neighbours to his Assistance, who helped him up, and put him to Bed; where being let Blood, he came to himself, and in two or three Days was perfectly recovered, and offered a Reward of Five Shillings for discovering the Villains who had used him in so barbarous a Manner.

Darby, to screen himself from Punishment, or perhaps tempted by the Greatness of the Reward, or to be revenged of a Boy who had beat him at Boxing a few Days before, or all together, contrived to convey the Twine with the Horse-hair-line into this Boy's Pocket, and then went and informed Monsieur *Le-vieux*, that if he came to the School and searched the Boys, he would soon find

find, who it was that had injured him: He received the Reward, and took his Leave.

Darby had likewise another Passion to gratify, that was Revenge; for his Master had bestowed some Floggings on him, for which he thought he stood in his Debt, and resolved to repay him upon this Occasion: he, therefore, conveyed in the same Boy's Pocket a Cabbage Leaf, in which he had inclosed a Salve of a pretty strong Savour.

Monfieur *Levieux* went to the School, according to *Darby's* Direction, and addressed himself to the Master in this Manner—*Maitré Dun*, you havé de one littel Rogue here in de Shool, ou havé nocké ra, ta, ta, a me Door, he have put de Cordon, de String, a ma Porte, and den he go up into de Arbre, de Tree, and den he pulle de Marteau, nock, nock, nock, and den my Maid go see, and den *Sancho* he eta de Perdrix, den me
trow

trow de Pot de Chambre upon my Wife, den he ca ca a ma Porte, den he pissa a me Face, den he jumpe upon my Belly. Eh ! you souffre dat, Maitre *Dun* ? *Mordieu 'tis une bonte.*

Captain, says Mr. *Dun*, I'll see Justice done you ; by J——s, said he, with some Heat, C——t forgive me for swearing, I'll whip every Mother's Son of them till they own it, whether they have done it or not. *Cherchez in de Poqué*, said Monsieur *Levieux*, de litela Blaquegarde pissé a me Nose ! *Cherchez in de Poqué.*

Mr. *Dun* searching one after another, at length came to the Boy, into whose Pocket *Darby* had put the Line and Cabbage Leaf ; he pulled out first the Leaf with its Contents, and then the Line : The D——l burn me, Captain, said he, but I have got him, but I have be——t my Fingers, and I'll make the young Dog pay for it. The Boy expressed his Surprise, and protested his Innocence in
the

the strongest Terms ; but Appearances were against him. Monsieur *Levieux* said, he always suspected the litell Jackanape ; and *Darby* said he was sorry from his Heart for poor *Jack*, but wondered how he could be guilty of such Tricks. Mr. *Dun* finding the Thing so plain, ordered *Jack* to be horsed, and was preparing to give him a delicious Flogging.

The Boy, who had assisted *Darby*, seeing *Jack* ready to be punished for the Fault of others, fell on his Knees, and told the Master, that indeed *Jack* was innocent ; and if he would forgive him, he would confess the Truth. The Master, though unwilling to lose the exquisite Pleasure of a flogging Bout, was prevailed on by Monsieur *Levieux* to hear what the Boy had to say, who gave an exact Account of what has been before related. The Master said, that at Captain *Levieux's* Intercession, he would forgive him this Time ; but by J——s, added he, Christ forgive me for swearing,

I'll flee *M'Rap*; bring him out; I'll learn ye, you Dog, to play such Tricks upon a Gentleman: Come here, Sirrah. He might have been calling to this Time, had he waited for *Darby*, who had foreseen that his pusillanimous Companion was going to betray him, and had made an orderly Retreat; and was by this Time out of the Reach of their Resentment; he judged *Portarlington* would be too hot for him, and therefore resolved to make the best of his Way to some more hospitable Place

He bent his Course towards *Dublin*, of which he had heard so much, and got there the next Day, after a fruitless Pursuit of his Enemies; he put up at an Inn in *Thomas-street*, and next Day sold his Horse to a *Scotch* Pedlar, who was going a Journey, for thirty Shillings; with which he went to the *Monmouth-street* of *Dublin*, and equipt himself like a Gentleman.

But

But before we proceed, 'tis fit we should inform the Reader how he came by a Horse ; he had set out from School, as thou may'st suppose, on Foot ; but not being used to travel, he recollected that Monsieur *Levieux's* grey Horse was at Grass at a Place, the Name of which I forget, but which lay, it seems in his Way ; he therefore made bold to borrow him, fully determined to return him by the Carrier ; he equipt himself with Hay-bands round his Legs, and having borrowed a Halter of a Horse he saw hung to a Gate, set forward, and would certainly have kept his Resolution of sending the Horse back, but that he considered he was in a strange Place, and it might be some time before he got Employment, and that Poverty might drive him to something that would shame his Family ; he also recollected, that the old Horse was apt to stumble, and might one Day or other have broke the old Gentleman's Neck ; to prevent which

terrible Accident, as well as for the above Reason, he sold him as before related.

Mr. *Darby* we must call him now, finding himself fit to appear like a Gentleman, bethought him of a rich Uncle, who was a Merchant, but dealt chiefly in Potatoes, Butter and Eggs; and for the Conveniency of his Neighbours, now and then sold them Garden Wares. This Uncle he resolved to find out, which was soon done; it being impossible that a Man of his Consequence should be long concealed in so small a Place as *Dublin*.

The old Gentleman received him with open Arms; and after enquiring tenderly about his Relations, expressed great Satisfaction at seeing his Nephew so genteelly dressed; and immediately introduced him to his Spouse, whom he found sitting in a Corner of the Cellar (for they condescended to live in a Cellar)

in

in a Negligee, smoaking her Morning Pipe. He saluted her with that Respect which is natural, when a young Fellow expects a Fortune from his Relations; and he remembered he had often heard his Mother say, her Brother was obliged to this good Lady for all he had in the World; for it was her Fortune which enabled him to set up Merchandizing, by which he had acquired so much, that there was some Talk in the Neighbourhood, that he intended shortly to set up an Alehouse.

Whether there was any Truth in this Report, I know not; but it is certain, that Mr. *Darby* made a good Use of it to ingratiate himself into the Favour of a Lady, who lodged in the Back Garret of the same House, and amused herself with making Mantuas: to this Lady's Charms then poor *M'Rap's* Heart became a Victim.

After as many Denials as could safely be given to a young Fellow of his amorous Disposition, she consented to marry him. The Ceremony being over, their next Enquiry was how they were to live ; for the Hurry of their matrimonial Affair had put that Thought quite out of their Heads : *Darby* would have been very glad that his Wife's Industry could have supported him without Labour ; for of all Trades, he liked that of a Gentleman best ; and to say the Truth, his Wife had given him to understand that she designed it.

Dependance upon his Uncle he could have none, at least for the present, for all his Cash was employed in Trade. The Question was then how to live ? a Trade he should have liked well enough, but for the Trouble of working ; the Ease attending a Soldier's Life suited him well enough in Times of Peace, but there was no great Pickings in a Centry-box ;
he

he, therefore, determined for Service, as he might by means of Wastes and Strays in a Family, help to support his Wife like a Gentlewoman.

Fortune seconded his Wishes, and sent his good Genius in the Shape of a Servant Maid to buy some Sallad ; who, in relating the News of the Day, our *John*, said she, came home drunk last Night and abused my Master, who called him in this Morning, paid him his Wages, and turned him off ; and, continues she, he's a silly Fellow, he'll never get such another Place ; he had the Keys of every Thing, went to Market, and was as much Master as my Master himself. *Darby*, whose Ears were open to this Intelligence, said, she was, he thought, the prettiest Girl he had ever seen in his Life, threw his Arms about her Neck, and gave her half a Dozen hearty Smacks, said he must treat her with a Glass of Whiskey ; and repeating the Smacks, drank his Service to

G 4

her.

her. She pledged him, and fate down; Lord, said she, I shall be hang'd for staying; my Mistress is a Devil: if one is not always rubbing and scubbing like a Galley Slave, she is never satisfied; if a body does but stop to ask a Friend a civil Question, she is always a scolding; I suppose I shall have it now for staying, and I hate to make a Disturbance in the Family; I must be running; but I forgot, I smell a Rat; there was a young Officer dined at our House yesterday, what he said I know not, but I thought Miss *Patty* looked very sweet upon him, though I don't think there is any thing in it neither; for she is far from being handsome; and besides, she is as crooked as a Ram's Horn; but one would not mention that, because a body would not hinder another's Marriage; one would not like to be served so one's self, you know.

Darby ply'd her with another Glass, and asked what she thought of him for

a Fellow-Servant? She said, he looked good-humoured, and she would speak a good Word for him; but I shall be hang'd for staying, my Master is at home now, added she, but don't come yet awhile, or he'll think you are a Sweet-Heart of mine.

Darby, who was no Fool, took the Hint; and kissing her again, swore she should drink t'other Glafs. She said she should be killed; but as he had sworn, she would not make him break his Oath; so sitting down again, she told him, there were very pretty Perquisites in the House; that *John* used to make Presents of five or six Bottles of Wine at a Time to his Friends; that she had as much Tea as she pleased, but was not fond of it, unless to treat a Friend now and then; it did not agree with her, it gave her the Vapours; she thought she was a little troubled with them then, only because she had drank one Dish too much that Morn-

G 5

ing;

ing ; to dispel which, *Darby* insisted upon one Glass more, and then another ; swore he never saw such a Pair of Eyes in his Life. It is certain, they were naturally fine ; but he, who was a likely Fellow, and smack'd heartily, together with the Whiskey, contributed not a little to give them that Fire which laid hold on *Darby*, who had got a Sort of a Touchwood Heart, that was apt to catch the least Spark that flew from a Pair of fine Eyes.

Mrs. *Betty* was prevailed on, not without great Difficulty, to drink another Glass ; and then took her Leave.

Darby went to the Gentleman, and was hired ; and next Morning had the Keys delivered to him. The first Thing he did, was to secure a Dozen Bottles of Wine for his own Use, which he conveyed that very Night to his Uncle's ; where he and his Spouse were genteelly entertained at Supper with a Dish of

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Call-

Callicannon, it being *St. Patrick's Day*, and consequently the holy Time of *Lent*; in which, none but Dogs and Here-ticks eat Meat; the old Folks, and Mrs. *M'Rap*, got, what some People call, drunk; that is, they were unable to speak or move; so that *Darby* was obliged to put them to Bed together, or rather left them upon a Bundle of Straw in one Corner of the Cellar, behind a Curtain, which answered the Purpose of a Bed, and went home.

He, by Degrees, became serviceable to his Master, and got some little Knowledge of the Law (I should have mentioned that his Master was an Attorney, and very rich.) *Darby* got so far into his Favour, that he trusted him to receive and pay Money for him; and now and then employed him in his Business.

Having such an Opportunity of fingering his Master's Cash, he often took Occasion to treat Mrs. *Betty* to the Play
and

and the Tavern; and won so far upon her, by his repeated Civilities, that she began to have a very favourable Opinion of him.

Darby, who was pretty clear-sighted upon these Occasions, soon perceived it; he talked to her of Love in the warmest Manner; and she of Matrimony: He assured her, that he would marry her with all his Heart, but that his Father and Mother had made him swear, when he was leaving Home, that he should not marry till he was twenty-five Years of Age; observing to him, that Men were then at Years of Discretion, and more likely to make a proper Choice, than when they married younger. She sigh'd——He took her in his Arms, protested he was sorry from his Soul he was under such an Engagement; that had he known her sooner, he would have suffered Death rather than deprive himself of so fine a Girl, wished he could be absolved——though if she had the
same

same Regard for him, which he had for her, that Difficulty might soon be got over——How, my Dear *Darby*? said she earnestly, and with much Tenderness, how?——By swearing, said he, never to marry any other Woman without your Consent. But what, said *Betty*, would the World say? and besides, if I should prove with Child, I should be ruined; I could never look my Mother in the Face; and leaning tenderly on him, I should be undone, indeed, my dear *Darby*. *M'Rap*, who understood the Language of the Eyes, read in her's the critical Minute, and transformed her, by the Touch of a *Magical Wand*, from a Virgin into a Woman; after which Ceremony, she recollected she had not taken the Security he had proposed, and urged him to it. He told her his Love was her best Security; he would suffer Racks sooner than breast his Promise; and taking her in his Arms again, quieted all her Scruples.

He

He had, it must be allowed, a very great Regard for *Betty*, nor did he forget his beloved Wife; yet he began to see, at least he fancied he saw, something in Miss *Polly* that was very amiable; the Circumstance of her Father's being rich he considered in no other Light, than as it would enable him to make her appear as a Lady of her Rank ought to do.

There were many Difficulties to be surmounted in accomplishing this Affair; but he remembered a *Latin* Sentence, which says, that *Love overcometh all Things*; and therefore began to put in Practice every little Art his Invention could suggest.

But all his Diligence and Assiduity might, perhaps, have passed unnoticed, had not Chance made a Discovery, of which he made a proper Use.

Miss

Miss *Polly* having been called one Day to Dinner, and not coming so readily as was expected, *Darby* was sent up for her; she had but just Time to throw a Letter she was writing into her Cabinet, and went down with him; he perceived her in some Confusion; and observing she left the Key in the Cabinet, stole up Stairs again, and found the Letter which she was writing to the young Officer *Betty* had been speaking of. Here are the Contents:

“ Ungrateful———

“ I now perceive my Fears were too
 “ well-grounded, when I suspected some
 “ happier she had got possession of your
 “ Heart——’Tis now three Days since
 “ I have seen you; yet you found sufficient
 “ Leisure to ’squire Miss *Richly*
 “ to *Vauxhall* last Night——Are these
 “ your Promises? these your Vows of
 “ eternal Constancy?—Perfidious Man!

“ Her

“ Her I cannot blame; ’tis the Fate
 “ of all who see to love you——’Tis
 “ mine to be wretched and undone——
 “ I am doubly lost, your Affection gone,
 “ my Rival triumphs; and, to add to
 “ my Despair, begin to feel the Fruit
 “ of our forbidden Loves——”

Darby read this Letter with no less
 Surprise than Joy; he considered, that
 by means of such a Secret, his Work
 was half done; he slipped down Stairs un-
 perceived, took an exact Copy of it, and
 went about his Business.

Miss *Polly*, at her return to her Cham-
 ber, was greatly surprized, when she
 missed the Letter; and on further Search,
 fell into Agonies which can scarcely be
 described; she sob’d, she wept, she tore
 her Hair——she searched again; no
 Letter——new Agonies, new Despair—
Darby came up at that Instant; and
 bowing very respectfully, Madam, said
 he, here is a Letter I just now found
 upon

upon the Stairs——Don't be alarm'd; I have, I own, read the Contents; but had I known it was your's, should not have presumed——But be assured, Madam, whatever Knowledge I have of your Affairs, shall for ever remain a Secret; and if my Diligence and Faithfulness can be of any Service to you, you may command me, even at the Hazard of my Life.

Miss *Polly* recovering a little from her Surprise, told him, his Discretion should not go unrewarded; and putting her Hand in her Purse, presented him a couple of Guineas. No, Madam, said he, bowing, if I can serve you, permit me to do it without Reward; I'll be myself, if you please, the Bearer of that Letter; and shall, perhaps, serve you better than those you intended to employ.

Will you, said she eagerly, and promise not to betray me? however, added she, the fatal Secret is now in your Power;

Power; but I think it is not in your Nature to betray me: Carry the Letter then; and I shall trust to your Fidelity and Conduct in the Affair—You see my Weakness, Mr. *Darby*, and I hope you'll pity it.

The Protestations he made of his Sincerity, Secrecy, Zeal, &c. would reach to the End of this Chapter; for which Reason we omit them, and shall only tell you, that *M'Rap* having equipt himself like a Porter, found out the Captain, who was an Ensign in Colonel *Hearty's* Regiment, to whom he delivered the Letter. For me! Friend, says the Captain, taking a Pinch of Snuff, and looking at the Superscription, I don't know the Hand; who is it from? I suppose, says *M'Rap*, your Honour may know by the Contents. He opened it, not without some Confusion, for he began to apprehend a Challenge of a different Kind; but on seeing the Name, his Colour returned, and he became again the Hero.

Hero. You may tell the Person, said he, turning carelessly upon his Heel, it requires no Answer. Please your Honour, said *M^cRap*, scratching his Head, as Gentlemen Porters sometimes do, I shall lose my Hire if I don't carry back an Answer. The Captain, whose Humanity would not let him suffer any thing to be unhappy that he could make easy, fate down, and wrote the following Billet :

“ MADAM,

“ If I was not particularly engaged
 “ this Afternoon, should do myself the
 “ Honour to wait on you : I kiss your
 “ Hands ;

“ *And am*, MADAM,

“ *Your most Obedient*,

“ CHARLES CARELESS.”

Darby

Darby delivered it into the young Lady's Hand; who, on reading it, sunk into her Chair: When she was a little recovered, you are, said she, Mr. *Darby*, an unlucky Messenger—but I blame you not; 'tis my Fate; I must be unhappy. Hope better, Madam, he may come To-morrow. To-morrow! said she, is Eternity where a Woman loves. Oh! had it been my Fortune to meet a Man capable of a Passion like mine, how happy had I been! but this is a calm, lifeless Villain, whose only Pleasure in a Woman is the betraying her; perjured Villain!——Could I be revenged, I might forget my Wrongs, and still be happy—After he had sworn eternal Constancy, Villain! Villain!——But Mankind is all Deceit. A severe Censure, Madam; I hope there are some Exceptions. I hope so to, Mr. *Darby*; but my Sufferings make me mad. Sufferings! did I say, my Folly rather; for had I not been blind,

blind, I must have seen, that all his Art could never hide the Coxcomb.——I could tear his Heart out, my own, and all Mankind's. Perfidious Villain! Did not my present Condition require some speedy Determination? I think I could calmly hate him; but he has undone me; and who so fit to redress my Wrongs? None, Madam, said *Darby*; yet, he who can treat so much Beauty with Indifference before Marriage, would, it is to be apprehended, prove an unsufferable Tyrant afterwards. At the Word Beauty, Miss *Polly* could not help giving a half Turn towards the Glass; I lay, said she, no Claim to Beauty. But, methinks a paultry Ensign——Might be proud of dying at your Feet, said *M'Rap*, with some Emotion: Or at any Body's Feet, said *Betty*, who that Moment entered the Room. Ungrateful Monster!——You have seen, Reader, at least I hope you have, *Garrick* in *Hamlet*; you have seen, or heard of a *French* Ministry,

nistry, on receiving the first Intelligence of the bold Blow struck by *Britain*; and you shall see——what perhaps may surprize you as much, an End to the Chapter in this Place.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXI.

M'RAP's *Story continues.*

M'RAP's Surprize in the last Chapter, gave us room to introduce some pretty Similies of our own fabricating, merely as a Specimen of our Abilities in that Art; for the sole vending of which, we intend to obtain a Patent, and supply Playwrights and others, at the cheapest Rates, by ourselves, or Deputies Messrs. CROWDER and WOODGATE, at the *Golden Ball* in *Pater-noster-row*; and while the Patent is getting ready for the Broad Seal, we shall pursue our History.

As soon as *M'Rap* was a little recovered from the Surprize *Betty's* unexpected Entrance had thrown him into, he told her, she must join her good Offices with his, in Favour of the Captain, from whom he had just brought a Letter, which *Miss Polly* refused to receive. Indeed, says *Betty*,
I think

I think the Captain is a very handsome Gentleman ; and if was I Miss *Polly*—— You might do as you pleased, said Miss, peevishly ; and I hope I have the same Liberty. I hope you'll think better of it, Madam, said *M'Rap* ; and two Hours hence I shall wait on you for an Answer. Come *Betty*, we shan't trouble Miss any more at this Time ; and going down into the Kitchen, was followed by *Betty*. I protest, said she, I was a little alarmed, my dear *Darby* ; I was afraid you had been making Love to Miss *Polly*. I must be blind, indeed, said *M'Rap*, if I could prefer her to my dear *Betty* : No, my Angel, my Heart is intirely your's ; and then gave her a *Recipe*, which the Doctors prescribe as an effectual Cure for Jealousy——You may deliver what Messages you please, said she, leaning fondly on his Arm ; I shall never enquire about them ; I know my dear *Darby* cannot prove false. Another Dose effectually removed all the Suspicions that had saucily intruded in her Mind, and she went
cheerfully

cheerfully about her Business ; and he to consider what Game he had next Day to play.

Miss *Polly* was under a great deal of Anxiety ; she looked upon herself as entirely lost ; and having attentively considered *Darby*, wished he had not been a Footman ; how very respectfully he behaved, though he knew her Misfortune ; another Fellow might have taken Advantage of it ; it was extremely generous and pretty ; and though he was a Footman, it was the Behaviour of a Gentleman——Wrapt up in some very odd Thoughts, she was accosted by *Darby*, who said, he hoped she would not think him impertinently officious, if he came to know her Commands ; that *Betty*, from some little Freedoms he had taken with her, had presumed to think he had the Boldness to aspire——Had she known my unhappy Case, said the Lady, she might, without any Presumption, have supposed such a Thing ; but your Discretion, I am persuaded, ad-

ded she, needs not a second Caution. You
 over-pay, Madam, said *M'Rap*, the little
 Services I intended to do you, by conde-
 scending to think thus favourably of me.
 I know not how it is, said she, Mr. *Dar-*
by, but methinks I could wish I had
 known your Merit sooner, before this Vil-
 lain had made me unworthy of any body's
 favourable Opinion. The World, Madam,
 said *Darby*, may judge as it pleases; for
 my Part, I think an Indiscretion suffi-
 ciently atoned for, when it causes such
 Perturbations in so fine a Woman; did
 the Captain see with my Eyes, he would
 kneel down full of Contrition, and own
 his Life too short to make amends for
 having caused a single Sigh. Very polite,
 truly, Mr. *Darby*, said she, with a Smile;
 but this is not to the Purpose; what
 would you advise me to do? If I can't
 bring this Villain to do me Justice, I am
 inevitably ruined; I shall not be able to
 hide my Shame; and then expect my Fa-
 ther, who is very passionate, will turn me
 out of Doors.—I see but one Way, Ma-
 dam,

dam, to avoid the Disgrace. Is there any, Mr. *Darby*? Yes, Madam, if you can submit to it; marry some Man who may think it an Honour, notwithstanding your Affair with the Captain, to call so lovely a Woman his Wife. I would try him once more; and if you find him still cold and insensible, 'tis then Time enough to put my Scheme in Execution. This seeming Disintérestedness was an artful Game which he knew how to turn to his own Advantage, let Affairs take what turn they would.

He carried another Letter from her to the Captain, to which he brought the following Answer.

“ MADAM,

“ If your Indiscretion has brought you
 “ into Difficulties, you must blame your-
 “ self; I am sorry for what is past, and
 “ resolve seriously never to offend again;
 “ as to Marriage, my Acquaintance with
 “ your Sex has furnished me with suffi-

H 2

“ cient

“cient Reasons never to take so rash a
“Step.

“*Your humble Servant,*

“C. C.”

Here! Mr. *Darby*, said she, giving him the Letter; here is the Recompence we find for trusting your false Sex! It would be Meanness in me, after such an Insult, to sue for the Accomplishment of his Promise; nay, if I know my own Heart, I could almost stoop to Infamy, rather than be obliged, for Fame and Riches, to such a Villain! one who could sink even below himself by sending such a Letter to a Woman he has undone: No, added she, he shall not triumph; if I must stoop, it shall be to a Man who dares revenge the Injury he has done me; if such a Man, as you were speaking of this Morning, who had Spirit enough to resent such Villainy, could be found, I don't know whether I might not be induced—Enough, Madam; the Destroyer of your Peace shall die; but, added he, with a Look full of Tender-
ness,

ness, what Punishment must be inflicted on the Destroyer of mine? Come, come, said she, this is all Raillery——We seem to understand each other: You want a Wife, for Reasons that may be easily guessed at; and I a Husband, to hide my Shame: I wish I had a better Motive; but ——If you can take me with all my Faults, here's my Hand. He seized it eagerly; and kissing it, Madam, says he, to whatever Cause I owe this Happiness, I shall study to deserve it. Come, says she, cease your Raptures; and let us think seriously what Course to take; in this House 'tis impossible we can stay: I have Cloaths and Jewels, that may be worth about 300 £; a private Lodging must be taken; and Time may bring my Father and Mother to agree to what is out of their Power to prevent.

Every Thing was settled; and next Morning they were married. Miss pack'd up her Things, which were safely conveyed to the Lodging *M'Rap* had provided.

The Father and Mother were alarmed at their Daughter's Absence ; and searching her Chamber, found the following Note on her Dressing-table :

“ DEAR PARENTS,

“ I have offended, though I hope not
“ beyond Forgiveness. Love is a mighty
“ Leveller ; I despaired of obtaining,
“ your Consent, to marry a Man whom
“ you must think my Inferior ; but hope
“ my Husband's Behaviour will prove I
“ have not made so bad a Choice, as the
“ first Sallies of your Passion may make
“ you apprehend. Time, which clears
“ up all Things, may, perhaps, convince
“ you, this was the only Step I could take
“ to restore my Happiness. I am (whilst
“ under your Displeasure)

“ *Your afflicted Daughter,*

M. WILLING.

D——n her, says the Father : What !
marry a Footman ! Had she been a
Whore to a Gentleman, it would not have
vexed

vexed me so much ; but to marry a Party-coloured Rascal ! let her starve and be — she shall never have a Groat of mine. The Mother said all she could to pacify him ; observed, that many a Lady, of much greater Fortune, had done the same ; perhaps the Man might be come of a good Family ; and in that Case, as they had Money enough, there was not much Harm done. The Father bid her hold her Tongue for an old doating Fool as she was, he would go and alter his Will that very Moment ; and flung out of the Room in a very great Passion.

Betty, who had heard Part of the Discourse, came into the Room, and asked her Mistress what was the Matter ? Matter enough ! said the latter ; *Poll's* gone off with that Rogue *Darby*. *Darby* ! says *Betty*, in perhaps more Confusion than the old Lady ; impossible ! It's too true, reply'd the Mistress : See, here's a Letter she has left behind her ; and her Cloaths and Jewels are all gone. *Betty*, who was

almost distracted, ran to his Uncle's to acquaint him with the News. Mrs. *M'Rap*, who had not seen her Husband for some Days, was likewise there to know what was become of him. Here is fine Doings! says *Betty*; our *Darby* is run away with Miss *Polly*! This News had such an Effect upon Mrs. *M'Rap*, that she fainted away immediately; but a little Hartshorn, and a Dram, brought her to herself again. Cruel *M'Rap*! said she, opening the finest Pair of Eyes in the World, except those of Miss ———, and Miss ———, and Mrs. ———, and the Honourable Mrs. ———, and the Lady ———, and the Countess of ———, and the Dutchess of ———, and two or three hundred thousand more which we have seen at different Times.— We are told by the Learned that a proper Mixture of the Elements is found in the Composition of every Thing in Nature. This, for any thing I know, might have been the Case formerly; but it has been otherwise of late; for whether Dame *Nature* had got tipsy, and forgot some of the

the Ingredients at the Formation of Mrs. *M'Rap*, I know not ; but I positively affirm, there was not one Spark of Fire in her Eyes ; it is possible, indeed, it might have been extinguished by the general Deluge that overspread the Face of them, or by the constant Flow of those purling Streams that ran in sweet Meanders down the Channels of her Cheeks.

These Eyes, such as they were, being opened, she lift them up to——the Ceiling, for Heaven was not at that Time in View, and cry'd, Cruel *M'Rap* ! leave me so soon after our Marriage !. This, indeed, is barbarous ; and for a Strumpet ! What ! is he married ? said *Betty* ; then I am wretched : Perfidious Man ! The Hartshorn Bottle was necessary here too ; for *Betty* sunk into her Chair. As soon as she recovered, Mrs. *M'Rap*, putting on the Air of a Tragedy Queen, said, I hope, Madam, his being married to me is not the Cause of your falling into Fits ? I should be sorry, added she, with a very

significant Sneer, that so handsome a young Woman as you should have set her Heart upon a Man of Mr. *M'Rap's* roving Disposition. *Betty* made no Reply; but fetching a deep Sigh, would have gone away; but Mrs. *M'Rap* prevented her; and said, it was a fine Thing, truly, that an honest Woman (the Word *honest* she pronounced very deliberately, as honest Women generally do upon those Occasions) can't keep her Husband to herself, but every little flippant Whore must intice him away from her. *Betty*, at the Word Whore, concluded *M'Rap* had betrayed her Weakness. Sure, says she, Men are Devils; and Women are all Fools—Some of them, says Mrs. *M'Rap*, pretty sharply, and Whores into the Bargain; but I defy the Fellows, added she; they never had the Impudence to attack my Virtue; if they had——If they had! Madam, says *Betty*, a little nettled, I suppose you would have done like other People; but fifty or sixty Years ago, when you were a young Woman, the Men, I suppose, were
not

not so pressing ; it's a very happy Thing, added she, for some People to be ugly and old. Ugly and old ! Who do you call ugly and old, you Strumpet ? said Mrs. *M'Rap*—How long the Dispute might have lasted, is uncertain, had not a Neighbour come and informed her, that a Porter was moving off her Goods—She, at that Instant, forgot *Betty*, Beauty, Virtue, and *M'Rap*, and hastened away to save her Goods.

Hast thou, gentle Reader, seen a Tygress robb'd of her young ? If not, 'tis impossible for thee to conceive the Fury of Mrs. *M'Rap*, when she saw her Bed on the Porter's Shoulders ; that Bed, the Scene of all her Joys, where she resigned her Virgin Treasure in the Arms of her then dear *M'Rap*, now Rogue, Rascal, Villain, on the one Side ; and old, ugly, draggle Tail Whore on the other Side, was all the Language that passed between this once happy Pair.

M'Rap

M^r Rap followed the Porter, and left his Wife inconsolable for his Loss ; perhaps the Loss of her Goods might add a little to her Sorrow ; and, indeed, it was too much for any Woman to bear ; it deprived her of her Reason ; and the Records of the Parish affirm, that, in a Fit of Madness, she took a large Quantity of a certain liquid Poison, called Gin, or Geneva, or some such Name, of which she expired. A fatal Example to young Women of Sixty, how dangerous it is to let Love take Possession of their Hearts.

Betty went home to her Master's, but could get no Rest Night or Day, her dear *M^r Rap* ran so in her Head ; and having often heard him say, he should like to see *London*, she made no doubt of his being gone there with Miss *Polly* : She, therefore, pack'd up her Things in a few Days, and resolved to follow them, not doubting, but in such a Place, it would be an easy Matter to find them out.

In the mean Time, *M'Rap* enjoyed in his new Spouse all the Happiness that Variety, and the Prospect of Riches, can give a Man.

One Morning, as they were at Breakfast, somebody knocked at the Door, and immediately broke it open; when there entered four or five Fellows, who, laying hold of *M'Rap*, said, he must go along with them. He desired to know where, and what for? They told him, to *Newgate*, for stealing the *French Gentleman's Horse at Portarlinton*. He turned pale, and said, he hoped they were Gentlemen, his Life could do them no good, any thing in his Power——The Chief of them perceiving *Polly's Watch* hanging up, assured him, they were always civil to Gentlemen who behaved well, they had no Malice against him, but they must do their Duty; for my Part, added the Officer, I believe it is a malicious Prosecution, and I'll do you all the Service in my Power——I have been admiring, said he, the Beauty
of

of your Lady's Watch ; the Chasing is extremely fine ; I have promised my good Woman one a great while ; but really Times are so hard—— *Polly* had just Sense enough left to understand his Meaning ; and taking it off the Hook, begged he would accept of her's for his Lady's Wear, till he thought proper to buy her a better. He thanked her very kindly, said he was very sorry to deprive her of it, but his Wife should wear it for her Sake ; and taking *M'Rap* aside, told him, the Fellows would expect a Trifle ; it was usual upon these Occasions, and advised him to give them something. He accordingly gave the Officer a couple of Guineas ; which the latter promised he would share amongst his Followers ; but advised *M'Rap* to change his Lodging ; for tho' the Fellows were honest enough, they could not perhaps withstand a Bribe.

The Officers being gone, he thought there was Danger in his Stay, and resolved immediately to quit his Lodging, which
was

was done that very Morning; but the Thoughts of Monsieur *Levieux's* grey Horse being still uppermost in his Mind, he began to think of leaving *Ireland*, and going to *London*, having enough to live on like a Gentleman, till some Countess should take a liking to him, or a lucky Run at Dice enable him to set up his Chariot. He communicated his Intention to his Wife, who approved it; and a Captain of a Vessel was applied to, with whom they agreed to go to *Bristol*.

All Things were got ready, and they went on board. When every Thing was ready for their sailing, the Captain called *M'Rap* into his Cabbin, and told him, every Man was to make the best Bargain he could for himself; he would not carry him unless he gave him twenty Guineas more. *M'Rap* said it was not fair Dealing, he had already agreed for a Price. Ay, says the Captain, very true, but at that Time I did not know you were charged with a Robbery, and that the
Officers

Officers of Justice were after you ; but, added he, I scorn to take any Advantage of you ; you shall take all your Things ashore again with all my Heart, there is no Compulsion.

Whether the Captain had the Art of Persuasion to any great Degree, or whether the mention he had made of Officers of Justice contributed to determine *M^r Rap*, I know not, but he agreed to the Captain's Demand ; and God prosper the *Betsy* Brig of *Bristol*, away she sailed with a fresh Gale.

They landed at the *Hot-well*, where Mr. *Rap* took genteel Lodgings for Self and Co. I say Mr. *Rap*, for the *Mac* prefixed to his Name had been washed over-board in their Passage.

As he had, for very good Reasons, dock'd his Name of the barbarous *Mac*, he found others equally strong, for adding to it the genteel Esq;—*Darby Rap*, Esq; then having taken genteel Lodgings in
Dowry.

Dowry-square, visited, and was visited, by the genteelest Company at the Wells.

He frequented the Long Room ; and happened, the very first Night of his going there, to fall into play : He had but six Guineas about him, with which he was so fortunate as to win twenty ; but having resolved to make it up fifty, he continued playing, till he had lost not only the twenty, but his own six. Was ever Man so unfortunate ! says he, that one Cast had done my Business ; one O more, and I had been a Gentleman ; but that cursed E coming, turned my Luck ; I never won one Stake afterwards !

Polly, to whom he related this Affair, endeavoured to comfort him, and desired he would play for her the next Night, she had always been lucky at Gaming ; she had won once at a Raffle a Pair of *Dresden* Ruffles, and another Time a compleat Set of China ; that she was sure he must win, and she would sit cross-legg'd for him.

He:

He took ten Pieces with him ; which, within a Trifle, was all the ready Cash they were possessed of. Fortune declared this Night in his Favour ; and having won a Handful of Gold, fate down to tell it : He found himself Winner ninety-three Guineas, and resolved seven more should content him ; he made that Stake, and lost : Then doubled, which he lost likewise. He had seventy-two remaining, and determined to leave off ; he did so, and was going home ; but the Devil, or some of his Friends, whispered him, that this was his lucky Night. He returned, resolved, however, that if he doubled the seventy-two, he would leave off. He got it up to one hundred and forty, and made one Stake to compleat his Sum. He lost ; he doubled ; lost again : Again doubled, and again lost. He lost all to twenty ; and another Cast finished that : And Ropes and Pistols came into his Head. However, having slept off his Vexation, next Morning he began to consider how to recover his Losses ; but as his Cash was all gone,

gone, he prevailed upon his Wife to let him have her Ear-rings, which he pawn'd at *Bristol* for thirty-five Guineas; with this he ventured again; and was again stripp'd. He was ashamed to ask his Wife for any more of her Moveables, at least for a Time; but prevailed upon her to write to her Father, confessing her Fault, imploring his Forgiveness, and withal, praying for a Sum of Money to carry them back, and hoped for his Blessing. In about a Fortnight they received an Answer, which being but short, we shall give our Readers.

“ Your's I received; the committing a
 “ Fault I grant; my Forgiveness I can't;
 “ my Money is a Blessing to me; and if
 “ you want mine——D——n you to-
 “ gether.”

This cutting off all Hopes of a Reconciliation, *Polly's* Charms began to decline, and he began to cast about how he might shake her off.

Fortune

Fortune became more favourable to him upon this Occasion than his most sanguine Hopes could have promised ; for Captain *Careless* was then come over on a recruiting Party, and quartered at *Bristol*.

In a Walk to the *Hot-well*, he chanced to see his old Mistress ; whether it was that his Flame had but been hid under the Ashes of Enjoyment, or whether it was, that her being the Property of another, gave a new Edge to his Appetite, is uncertain ; and whether she began to apprehend something from Mr. *Rap*'s Behaviour, or whether she verified the old Observation, that *A Woman always loves her Under best*, I can't say ; but certain it is, she received his Excuses and Submission in such a Manner, that he saw he had but little to apprehend from her Displeasure.

He was so assiduous in paying his Devoirs to her, that *Rap* must have been blind not to have perceived it ; and one Evening being informed they were gone
out

out together, he pack'd up the Remainder of her Moveables, and going directly to *Bristol*, made Money of them, and went that Night to *Bath*. Next Morning he hired a Horse; and to elude any Inquiry that might be made after him, took the Road to *Gloucester*; and in the Road, between that and *Warwick*, was saluted by a couple of Horsemen with a ———Stand, and deliver. He was obliged to comply; and they stripped him of every Shilling; not content with that, they took his Horse, tied him Neck and Heels, and threw him into a Ditch.

A little Time after there happened to come by a Gentleman in a Chaise, who seeing a Person in such a distressed Condition, who had the Appearance of a Gentleman, he performed the Part of the good *Samaritan*, took him in his Chaise, and carried him to *Warwick*.

He related some Part of his Story to the Gentleman, who heartily condoled his Misfortune;

Misfortune; and told him, he was going to *Coventry* the next Day, and from thence was obliged to go to *Northampton*, and he should be heartily welcome to a Place in his Chaise; that from *Northampton* a small Matter would carry him to *London*, and he would supply him with Money to carry him up; or if he had no pressing Business at *London*, he should be obliged to him if he would go and spend two or three Months with him in *Staffordshire*. *Rap* accepted the Invitation; and next Morning they set forward.

When they came to *Coventry*, Mr. *Preston*, that was the Gentleman's Name, repeated his Offers of Friendship, especially his Invitation into *Staffordshire*.

Rap having considered, that staying two or three Months in the Country might prevent his rising in the World by the Plan he had laid down in his own Mind, rose very early the next Morning, and set out for *London*.

He

He had not travelled above two Hours before he was overtaken by a Post-chaise going to *Dunstable*, which happened to be empty. He got into it, and told the Driver, that if he would make haste, he'd give him a Crown for himself, as he had Business of great Consequence at *London* that required Dispatch. The Driver promised he would, and said it was lucky that it happened so; for that he had borrowed a Crown of *John*, Hostler at the *Wheat-sheaf* at *Daventry*; and if his Honour would please to let him have it then, he would gallop every Inch of the Way.

Mr. *Rap*, who, at the Word Honour, began to conceive a very favourable Opinion of the Driver, told him, he looked like an honest Fellow, and he should have it——That a Lyar should have a good Memory, has been a proverbial Saying many Years; which I believe the Reader applies to me, as I told him *Rap* had but a Day or two before been stripp'd of all his Money; yet we now find him able to
give

give the Driver five Shillings. Softly good Reader—Thus we unriddle the Affair—You remember Mr. *Preston* made him an Offer of Board and Lodging for two or three Months, which we told you, upon Recollection, it did not suit him to accept; but as the Gentleman had made him this friendly Offer, he concluded he meant to assist him in every Shape in his Power: He, therefore, had made an exact Calculation how much his Board and Lodging might stand the Gentleman in for three Months, and found it could not amount to less than thirteen Guineas, which was just a Guinea *per* Week. He, therefore, as soon as this Thought started, slipped gently to the Bed where Mr. *Preston* lay asleep, and pulling his Breeches from under his Head, found in them a green Purse, which contained (which is very remarkable) neither more nor less than thirteen Guineas; though, had there been a thousand, he was so scrupulously nice in these Things, he would not have taken
 one

one more. Thus circumstanced, he set out as above related.

Mr. *Rap*, who was impatient to be gone from the Inn where they had stopp'd, asked if the Driver had got his Breakfast, for he was in haste—Breakfast! Sir, says the Waiter; he's five Miles off by this Time; he has been gone this half Hour. Gone! says Mr. *Rap*; is it possible? What Villains there are in the World! Well, I shall grow wise at last. What have I to pay? Eight-pence your Coffee, Sir, two Drams *Will Driver* had, and one *John Hostler*, Fourteen-pence, and Five Shillings the Chaise; only Six Shillings and Two-pence, Sir, and what your Honour pleases to give me: We have nothing, Sir, but what Gentlemen please to give us. I hope your Coffee pleased you, Sir. We are always careful to oblige the Gentlemen that come from *Ireland*; they are the best Customers we have. *Rap* did not seem to understand all this, for he set out without giving him a Farthing.

He travelled along, ruminating on the Villainy of Mankind, and cursing the Driver of the Post-chaise in his Heart. He had not got far before he was overtaken by two Men in Sailors Jackets, who gave him the Time of the Day, and falling into Conversation, told him, they were come from *Liverpool*, where they had lately arrived from the Coast of *Guiney*; that they had got a few Pieces, and were going to *London* to live merrily; that as soon as they were gone, they would go to Sea again and work for more; that if he chose to keep them Company, it should not cost him one Farthing. He thanked them, but withal assured them, that if he travelled on Foot, it was not for want of Money, but that he chose to walk for the Pleasure of seeing the Country, and to avoid the Dust; one Reason perhaps why he chose all the By-ways he could, was lest Mr. *Preston* should follow him, and renew his Sollicitations for going down into *Staffordshire*.

Nothing

Nothing material happened, except their getting drunk now and then, and a few Hedge Amours, the natural Consequence of this Kind of travelling, till they came to *Finchly Common*, where one of the Gentlemen thus addressed Mr. *Rap*: I assure you, Sir, I am under the greatest Concern imaginable, that Necessity obliges me to any thing of this Kind; it is much against my Will, upon my Soul it is; but I have got a Girl, that I am passionately fond of, to maintain, and I can't see the poor Creature want: You know, Sir, you would not yourself, if you were in my Place. *Rap*, who understood no more of this Speech than if it had been delivered in *Highb Dutch*, desired him to explain himself. Sir, says the other, here is a little Gentleman can explain, pulling out, in the Language of the Road, a Bull-dog; in plain *English*, a Pistol; Your Money, Sir. *Rap*, as well as his Surprize would give him Leave, told him, it was cruel to rob a Stranger, he had but little Money about him; but if they would trust to his

Honour, he had some rich Relations in *London*, and he would make them an ample Return for their Civility— D—n his Palaver, said the other, who had not yet spoke, blow his Brains out. *Rap* not being willing to go through so dangerous an Operation, took to his Heels; but a Bullet discharged from the Pistol the other had presented, stopp'd his Flight, and brought him to the Ground. They then proceeded to rifle him, and took four Guineas and a Watch. He had a Watch, which I forgot to acquaint thee with, gentle Reader, that he had borrowed of *Mr. Preston* when he paid himself for his Board and Lodging, and which he intended to return by the next Stage Coachman that went that Way.

As soon as they had robbed him, they made the best of their way to *Highbgate*, and refreshing themselves, after their Fatigue, with a Pint of Hot, they began to tell as how they had been attacked upon the Common by a Highwayman; that he
was

was a resolute Fellow, but they had wrenched one of his Pistols out of his Hand, and fired at him ; that they believed they had done for him, for they saw him fall off his Horse as he attempted to cross the Common, but were loth to pursue, as he might have Accomplices.

It happened there was then sitting three Gentlemen in the Kitchen, who, in Consequence of an Information received that Morning, had been out a Thief-hunting, but had had no Sport. On hearing this Account, they all three ran, or rather indeed flew (for they forgot to pay their Reckoning) to the Place where the Men said they had seen the Rogue fall ; where they indeed found poor *Rap*, but in a deplorable Condition, weltering in his Blood, and speechless : They asked him several Questions, which, for a mighty good Reason, he did not answer, and then proceeded to searching ; and in the Wasteband of his Breeches they found six Guineas,

which was the Remainder of the Money he had received from Mr. *Preston*.

A Higler's Cart coming by at that Time, served to convey the almost-expiring unhappy *Rap* to Town to the House of Mr. *Belzebub*, that was the Name of the Chief of these three Gentlemen, who shewed his Humanity in the Care he took of *Rap's* Recovery; for he no sooner brought him home than he sent for a Surgeon to dress his Wounds, and administered such Comfort as a Man in his unhappy Situation might be supposed to want; assured him upon his Honour, that in case he was hang'd, he would take Care to see him buried at his own Expence; but if he might advise, the best Thing he could do was to peach; and giving him a Glass of Cordial, left him to his Repose, having first left a Friend to keep him Company, and see that he wanted for nothing.

I know

I know Ill-nature would suggest, that the Care Mr. *Belzebub* took to preserve his Life, was with a View to be paid for taking it away.

Next Morning, however, he was carried before a Justice of Peace, where Mr. *Belzebub* informed his Worship of what the two Gentlemen had declared at *Highgate*, said he had nothing to say against him of his own Knowledge, but that here was a Stage Coachman, whose Coach had been stopped by him, and was ready to swear to him ; that he found upon him, when searched, a Brace of loaded Pistols, a Powder-Flask, a Bullet-Mould, and a few Flints ; all which was strictly true, for they had been conveyed into his Pockets by one of *Belzebub's* Companions. The Coachman swore, that his own Coach had been stopped by him, and he put in Fear of his Life that very Day ; which was also true ; for as they were bringing *Rap* to Town in the Cart, just at the Foot of *Highgate Hill* he overtook them at a Bridge

that stands over a Rivulet, where he was obliged to slacken his Pace, and one of his Horses being young was frightened at *Rap's* Groans, and grew very unruly ; so that it was with Difficulty the Coachman could keep his Seat, and therefore might safely swear he was stopped, and put in Fear of his Life ; and upon this clear Evidence, the Justice could do no less than commit him.

It happened very luckily for poor *Rap*, that a few Days after his Commitment, one of the Fellows was stopped in offering the Watch to Sale, in Consequence of an Advertisement inserted in the Papers by Mr. *Preston*, giving a full Description of it, with a Reward for apprehending the Thief ; who, upon his Apprehension, thought proper to squeak, and impeach all the Gang.

As the Session was drawing nigh, Mr. *Preston* was obliged to come up to Town ; and going to *Newgate* to see the Fellow
who

who had been stopped, saw, to his great Amazement, his Fellow - Traveller in Chains; Indignation on one Side, and Shame on the other, took immediate Possession of their several Breasts. Mr. *Preston* told him he was sorry to see a Man who professed Loyalty in these degenerate Times (for *Rap* finding Mr. *Preston* incline to the abdicated Family, had declared himself of the same way of thinking) base enough to add Fraud to Ingratitude. *Rap* protested he was guilty only in Appearance, that he really intended to return what he had taken; for that he had a rich Uncle in Town, who on his first Application to him for that Purpose, would have enabled him to have given Satisfaction; though, by his unlucky Confinement, he had not yet been able to find him out; and then acquainted him what had happened on *Finchly Common*.

Mr. *Preston* seemed very much surprized, and began to moralize on the Ways of Providence, concluding with

some wholesome Advice to avoid bad Company, and keep his Mind from the Canker-worm of Covetousness, and admire the Dispensations of Providence, who would not suffer him to enjoy what he had so unjustly got, but permitted him not only to be stripped of what he had taken, but also to bring his Life into the utmost Danger; which, no doubt, was wisely designed to lay his Crime in the strongest Light before him; and then, by an almost miraculous Circumstance, relieve him from the Jaws of Death; assuring him withal, that what had happened, should for ever remain a Secret; but hoped, however, his Indulgence would not encourage him to trespass on his Friends for the future; that he would endeavour to obtain his Discharge; and putting a Guinea into his Hand, was going to take his Leave; but added, as to the Fellow who has been stopped, and the others taken up on his Information, advised him, as one Man might be like another, to be cautious how he swore against

gainst any of them ; that as Mercy was God's greatest Attribute, he must be pleased with it in his Creatures, and desired he would let them fall into other Hands ; they possibly might see their Errors and repent. *Rap* said it was true, but something was due to Society ; that if such Fellows as these were suffered to go on with Impunity, no Man could call his Property his own ; that Examples should now and then be made, to deter others from entering upon such Courses. Mr. *Preston* said it was very true ; and bidding God direct him, took his Leave, and went directly to a Justice of Peace ; where having taken the necessary Measures, obtained an Order for his Friend's Release.

Mr. *Preston* was one of those weak Men who take a Pleasure in doing what they call Good, without Hopes of any Return, at least in this World ; though, to confess a Truth, I have heard it whispered, that he expected some Sort of Reward in another.

If

If any of his poor Tenants owed him a Year's Rent, and were unable to pay, he foolishly forgave them, and helped to stock their Land ; when by seizing all they had, or some such wholesome Severity, he might have had a joyous Night at a Masquerade. He portioned off *Betty*, his old Coachman's Daughter, and the Jade has the Impudence to affirm, he never so much as kissed her Lips ; his old dapple Grey, though past Service, is treated with sound Oats and clean Straw, as if he carried him a hunting every Day ; and notwithstanding a young Clergyman had the Impudence to say in a Company of Blues, that the greatest Man in the Kingdom was the best in it, and had the best Title to what he possess'd of any Man living, Mr. *Preston's* Weakness called this Impudence Sincerity, and gave him a good Living, declaring at the same Time, it was not so much the Regard a Clergyman paid to an earthly King, as to his heavenly one, that should intitle them to his Friendship ; that

an honest Man might be of any political Principle, so long as he remained passive.

Such Weakness may account for his Behaviour to *Rap*, to whom he carried his Discharge, and was going to convey him to his own Lodging; but just as he was stepping into a Hackney Coach, he was seized by a Messenger with a Warrant from one of the Secretaries of State, on an Information received of his being concerned in some treasonable Practices.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXII.

The Story goes on.

RAP, though he had a very great Esteem for Mr. *Preston*, had a Love for his Country, which not only over-balanced that, but every other Consideration (a very few excepted) had recollected some Things which passed in Conversation at *Coventry*, and had given an Information, which was the Cause of this Arrest. It is certain, that Mr. *Preston* had then said that he pitied the abdicated Family, and wished some Provision could be made for the young Wanderer; from which Mr. *Rap* had inferr'd he was no Friend to the King, which led him to think he wanted nothing but Power to dethrone him, and that could not possibly be done without Confederates, and they too of Rank and Fortune; in which Case it was easy to procure Men and Arms, and therewith raise a Rebellion.

From

From this Chain of Reasoning the Inference appeared so plain, that *Rap* made Oath, that Mr. *Preston* had told him there would be a Rising; and if there was to be a Rising, he took it for granted it must be somewhere: he, therefore, thought he might as well say *Staffordshire* as any other County; and as he had invited him the said *Rap* to his House, it was, no doubt, to assist at those Councils that must be held before the Rising; and if there was to be a Council, it's plain it must be composed of Men; and as these Men had certainly Names, he might call one *James*, another *John*, and another *Thomas*. — These Premises being settled, *Rap* did not hesitate to swear, that the Rebellion was to be composed of such and such People, and did Mr. *Preston* the Honour to place him at their Head.

But as the best laid Schemes sometimes miscarry, so it fared with this of Mr. *Rap's*; for the then Secretary of State being a very weak Man, could not comprehend

prehend how Mr. *Preston* should put his Life in the Hands of a Stranger, as *Rap* appeared to have been to him even in his own Account of the Matter. Mr. *Preston* was closely examined however, who related all that had passed, with such Circumstances of seeming Truth, that he was honourably discharged; and *Rap* remanded back to *Newgate*, in order to take his Trial for robbing Mr. *Preston*; for so the Secretary was weak enough to interpret *Rap's* borrowing the Money and Watch at *Coventry*, and founded his Opinion on the trifling Circumstance of *Rap's* omitting to ask the Gentleman's Leave: So great a Regard did his Lordship pay to Decency and Decorum.

When his Trial came on, he was condemned, notwithstanding several Gentlemen, of the best Character about the Purlicus of *Newgate*, appeared to his Character.

This

This was a fatal Stroke to him, and the more so, because unexpected ; for he did not apprehend Mr. *Preston* could be so cruel as to appear against him : however, he must submit, there was no Remedy now but Patience.

When he found it was impossible he could live, he began to think of dying, and entertained at his leisure Moments some Thoughts of Religion : He had several Conferences with the Ordinary about it, who told him, to be sure it was Time to look about him now, as the Death-Warrant was expected down in a Day or two ; that he would advise him as a Friend not to die a *Roman Catholick*, because, in that Case, he could not take upon him to insure his Soul : However, he might do as he pleased, every Man knew his own Business best ; but conjured him, as he tendered his future Happiness, to be very particular in his Confession, not to omit one Action of his Life, but
to

to tell him truly the Place of his Birth, his Age, the Name and Circumstances of his Parents, with other Matters equally interesting ; most of which *Rap* answered with the Sincerity becoming a dying Man, except the Circumstance of the grey Horse, that relating to Mr. *Preston*, and a few others of this trifling Nature.

The Morning before Execution, as he was very busy at his Devotion, the Turnkey came in, and told him a young Woman desired to see him instantly. The Moment he came out of his Cell, My dear *M'Rap*, said the Person, do I live to see you once again ? Oh ! *Betty*, is it you ? said the afflicted *Rap* ; what brings my dear Girl to this Place of Horror ? Be not cast down, said she, Heaven has put it in my Power to serve my dear *Darby*. Oh ! *Betty*, said he, with a Sigh, 'tis now too late ; Tomorrow——Tomorrow, said she, my dear *M'Rap* shall be at Liberty. He fetch'd a deep Sigh. Cheer up, said she, Love can do much—

Not

Not to keep you longer in Suspense, I have brought you a Pardon. Pardon! says *Rap*, impossible!——Believe your Eyes, said she; though you had forgot me, I never can forget my dear *M^cRap*. Yes, said he, *Betty*, I have used you ill; but if my Life can atone——No Promises, interrupted she; another *Polly*——Name her not, replied he; the Prospect of a Fortune indeed tempted me, but my Heart was always your's——But tell me, my dear Girl, how comes all this about? I had no Hopes of Life——Mr. *Preston*, said she. At the Name of *Preston*, *Rap* hung down his Head. It is to him, added she, you owe your Life. How! said he, astonished; to Mr. *Preston*! Yes, said she, to Mr. *Preston*: He is nearly related to my Lady; from whom having heard your Affair, I importuned her so much, that she spoke to Mr. *Preston*, who not only generously forgave you himself, but signed a Petition for Mercy; which being presented by a Nobleman, at my Lady's Request, your Pardon was last Night obtained, too late

late for me to get Admittance, but have waited at the Door since Five o'Clock this Morning with the joyful News.

Rap embraced her, called her his Guardian Angel, his Deliverer; she had restored that Life which should be wholly employed to make her's happy. She took her Leave, with a Promise to come again in the Afternoon, and was as good as her Word.

Here, says she, my dear *Darby*, with Joy sparkling in her Eyes, my good Lady is not content with obtaining your Pardon only, but has sent you this Present, giving him five Guineas; and here is one more which I had saved towards buying a new Gown, but can do without it, and am much better pleased that it may be of Service to you; but, my dear *Darby*, said she, embracing him, let nothing tempt you to run the Hazard of coming again to this dismal Place; whilst I have any thing left you shan't.

He

He embraced her very tenderly, and promised, that as soon as he was at Liberty, he would make good his Promise of Marriage to her. She told him, she knew that was out of his Power, as he was already married to Miss *Polly*; he should run no Hazards on her Account; she had rather always be looked on as his Mistress, than put his Life in Danger, as it was much dearer to her than her own, begged he would see her as often as he could, and took her Leave.

At the next Sessions he pleaded his Pardon, and was discharged.

He had, during his Confinement, contracted an Intimacy with some of the Gentlemen of that Place, by whom he had learned there was a House about *Covent - Garden* called my *Lord's*, where they had often played with Success; that if they were stripped, which sometimes happened, a Gentleman need
never

never want a Score Pieces so long as he could borrow a good Horse and a Case of Pistols; that, if taken, Confinement was the worst; there was no great Danger of a Man's Life, if he had but Friends to swear an *Alibi*.

He was mighty well pleased with the Information he received from these Gentlemen, and resolved to try his Luck as soon as he got out of Goal.

Having paid off some small Matters at the Tap, which he had contracted, he was set at Liberty. He enquired his Way to *Covent-Garden*, and soon found out my *Lord's*. Here he saw Mr. *Belzebub*, and some more of his Friends. *Belzebub* took him by the Hand, wished him Joy of his Deliverance, and protested, though their Acquaintance was but short, there was not a Man in *England* he had a greater Regard for.

Rap

Rap fate down to play ; and in about two Hours had won about twenty Guineas. He remembered what had happened at *Bristol*, and therefore resolved to tie up ; he did so, applauding himself highly for his Discretion ; and having already in his Mind purchased a very handsome Suit of Cloaths, he put up his Money, and had some Thoughts of visiting *Betty* that Night ; but *Belzebub* taking him by the Hand, congratulated him on his good Success. *Rap* thank'd him, and invited him and his Friends to take a Supper with him at the Tavern.

The Gentlemen accepted the Invitation ; and after Supper one of them proposed a Game at Whist to pass away the Time. They all agreed, and *Belzebub* happened to be Mr. *Rap*'s Partner.

In one of the Streets that lead from *Piccadilly* towards *St. James's Park*, there stands a House, said to be frequented by
no

no mean Rogues, those of Quality only being admitted : From these Gentlemen then it may be supposed, that *Belzebub* and his Companions had learned the useful Maxim of leaving nothing to Chance. They therefore ordered Matters so, that before they broke up, *Rap* was stripped, not only of the twenty Guineas he had won at my *Lord's*, but of what remained of the six Guineas he had received from *Betty*.

He began to lament his Misfortune, said he was a Stranger in Town, it was so late, and he without a Penny, he knew not where to get a Bed. *Belzebub* expressed a great deal of Concern for his Misfortune; but as to a Bed, he said, you are welcome to one at my House as long as you shall think proper. *Rap* thank'd him for his Civility, and accepted his Offer.

Next Morning the humane Mr. *Belzebub*, feeling his Friend's Loss equally
with

with his own, did all he could to comfort him ; told him it was the Fortune of War sometimes to win, sometimes to lose ; if we play at Bowls, we must expect Rubbers ; Things would go better another Time ; and concluded with making him an Offer of four or five Pieces, till such Time as he saw his Friends. *Rap* made some Apologies, and took the Money ; for he did not chuse to visit *Betty* without decent Apparel : He, therefore, equipt himself in *Monmouth-street* ; he laid out four of the five Guineas *Belzebub* had lent him, and trusted to Fortune, or some of her Sex, for a further Supply.

He went to see *Betty*, whose Lady being informed he was in the House, had the Curiosity to see him : She asked him many Questions ; all which he answered to her Ladyship's Satisfaction, and took Occasion to pay her a handsome Compliment for the Favours he had received from her.

After this Visit, he took a Walk in the Park ; and calling to Mind how civilly the Lady had received him, that she had twice or thrice smiled upon him, concluded the Affair was done, and she was certainly in love with him.

A Brace of Geldings at least, and two or three Footmen took Place in his Imagination ; he longed to get home to see if Nature had blessed him with any new Charm, which had captivated the Lady so suddenly. She had, indeed, smiled upon him as before observed, but they were heavenly Smiles, such as arose from the Consciousness of having done a heavenly Action in relieving the Distressed.

But as too much Modesty was not amongst the Number of *Rap's* Vices, he was easily led to assign a different Motive for her Smiles.

Pluming himself therefore on so easy a Conquest, he waited on his Friend *Belzebub*, and told him, by way of Secret, he had an Intrigue with a Woman of Distinction; but as Mrs. *Belzebub* was present, he had Caution enough only to whisper the Lady's Name, but told him aloud, he should pay him the five Guineas he had borrowed in a Day or two; and as he had been kind enough to put such Confidence in him, if, at any Time, he should want forty or fifty Pounds, nay, a hundred, he should be welcome.

He next enquired, sily, of *Betty* what public Places her Lady used; and being told she generally took an Airing in *Hyde Park*, resolved to throw himself in her way at that Place; and having waited several Mornings for that Purpose, Fortune, who always favours the Brave, threw the Opportunity in his Way; for her Ladyship came one Morning unattended;

and he having studied a very passionate Speech, which perhaps to People who have never been in Love, may seem to border upon Bombast, he accosted her in the following Manner :

Madam, as the Gods suffer the Adoration of Mortals, permit me to pay mine to one who partakes of their Divinity. I know my own Unworthiness; but where Love, all-powerful Love (I believe, between all and powerful, he gave a deep Sigh : but of this I am not sure) has taken Possession of the Soul, (here he laid his Hand upon his Heart; of this I am sure) it leads us on to a Presumption scarcely to be pardoned. Deign, adorable Woman! to cast an Eye of Pity on a Slave who now implores your Compassion; I cannot live without you; my Soul's on fire (here he raised his Voice) and must be quenched in the Heaven of your Arms: 'Tis not in Nature (here he lowered it again) 'tis not in Fate, to alter my Resolution; I have vowed eternal

nal

nal Constancy, and ——— Pray, Sir, said the Lady, surprized, are not you Brother to my Maid? I am, Madam; but Love knows no Distinction; were I a Monarch, ——— were I *Jupiter*, you should be my *Alcmena*. The latter Part of this Speech he ranted so majestically, that had he been upon the Stage, he would, I believe, have been applauded by a thundering Clap, and *encore, encore*.

A Gentleman coming up, and seeing the Lady in some Confusion, enquired the Reason; and no sooner heard it, than he ordered his Servants to give the raging Lover a gentle cooling in the *Serpentine River*, which they performed with so much Willingness, that poor *Rap* declared he would for the future keep a tight Rein upon the Neck of his Affections, lest they should run away with him into a Horse-pond.

The Consequence of this modest Attempt was, that *Betty* was immediately
 K 3 discharged

discharged from the Lady's Service ; who no other way resented it, than by tenderly reproaching *Rap* for his Folly, and advised him to be cautious how he attempted a Woman so much above him.

He took a Lodging for *Betty*, or rather *Betty* for him, and they lived very lovingly together while her little Stock lasted ; when that was gone, his Fondness abated, and he began to consider how to get rid of her.

After revolving in his Mind the best Method to effect his Purpose, he thought of none so likely as to throw her into other Hands, as he might by that Means provide for the Girl, and get Money to supply his present Wants : He, therefore, applied to a Lady in *Covent-Garden*, famous for her large Dealings in *Commodities* of this Kind, who gladly accepted the Offer of a young fresh Girl ; and having appointed a Time for the old Lady to view her Bargain, was introduced as

a Relation of Mr. *Rap*'s. She seemed pleased with *Betty*'s Figure, but observed afterwards to *Rap*, that she was not properly equipt, and promised to furnish her with Things to make an Appearance suitable to the Company she was to keep ; which, the next Day, she sent with the following Billet :

“ DEAR COUSIN,

“ I have taken the Liberty to send a few
 “ Trifles, which, with my Compliments,
 “ I hope you will make acceptable to
 “ your Spouse, as a Token of the Friend-
 “ ship that subsisted between your Mo-
 “ ther and your

“ *Sincere Friend and Cousin,*

“ SARAH LOVIT.”

Betty was very well pleased at receiving this Present, not only as the Things were finer than ever she had worn before, but because Mr. *Rap* was allied to a Person of so much Consequence.

Mr. *Rap* and *Betty* waited on their new Cousin, not only to return the Visit, but to thank her for the Present she had been kind enough to make them. Mrs. *Lovit* received them with great Politeness, and expressed the greatest Affection imaginable for her Cousin *Betty*, and insisted on their supping with her that Night.

The Company was extremely genteel, and after Supper prodigiously merry: The Bride and Bridegroom were toasted. *Betty*, who had heard nothing of a Wedding, looked round, not without some Confusion, having never been in so brilliant an Assembly before.

When it was Bed-time, Mr. *Rap* and *Betty* would have taken leave, but Mrs. *Lovit* was so pressing with them to stay there that Night, that they consented, and were shewn up to a very genteel Chamber. They were soon followed by Mrs. *Lovit*,
who

who addressing *Betty*, said, My Dear I forgot Night-cloaths for you, let my Cousin go to Bed, and you shall come into my Closet and chuse for yourself.

She was shewn up again by Mrs. *Lovit*, who wished her a good Night, and took her leave.

Betty undressed herself, and was stepping into Bed ; my dear *M'Rap*, said she, this is lucky——So it is Madam, said a Person, starting up from under the Cloaths, and laying hold of her ; it is, indeed, of Fortune to throw so fine a Woman in my Arms——*Betty* screamed out, and would have disengaged herself, but the Gentleman pressed her to his Arms, said she must now be his, he had made a fair Purchase of her of Mrs. *Lovit*, and that the Gentleman, her Friend, was consenting. She re-doubled her Cries but had they been as loud as the roaring of Cannon, none of the Family would have heard them.

There happened just then to come into the Parlour a young Gentleman elevated with Liquor, though not drunk : *Lovit*, said he, what's this Noise? I hope no foul Play. Pshaw! says *Lovit*, a silly Wench; no Maidenhead neither, I assure you. What the Devil does she scream for then, says the Gentleman, if she's consenting? Speed the Plough, say I; but I hope no Force. Not in the least, says *Lovit*; it will be over presently. A second Scream, louder than the first, alarmed Mr. *Friendly*, that was the Gentleman's Name; who taking a Candle, ran up Stairs to the Room from whence the Voice came; but finding the Door lock'd, and the Cries continuing, burst it open, and saw *Betty* on the Floor struggling with the Gentleman. For shame, says *Friendly*; if you are a Gentleman, as I suppose you may, you ought to blush at using Violence; there are enough in the House as willing as you could wish——

Who are you, Sir, said the Gentleman
fiercely,

fiercely, that presume to direct me in the Pursuit of my Pleasures? One that is willing, answered *Friendly*, at Times, to indulge my Pleasures too, but not at the Expence of my Honour or Conscience. Rise, Child, said he to *Betty*; and if you will put yourself under my Protection, I will carry you home safe to your Friends. I own myself a Libertine; but not so far gone as to indulge myself in Barbarities like these. Put on your Cloaths, and let me see who dare stop you. Sir, says he, to the Gentleman, my Name is *Friendly*, and may be heard of at the *Smyrna*; and conducting *Betty* down, put her in a Chair, and taking another himself, ordered them to his Lodging; where leaving her in the Care of his Landlady, he retired to his Chamber.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXIII.

End of M'RAP's Story. Trial and Acquittal of Buckhorse and his Friends. They return to London.

RAP was a good deal disconcerted at this Disappointment, as he had promised himself no less than a very comfortable Living from *Betty's* Industry in the *Trade* he had taught her: He, therefore, waited on his Friend *Belzebub*, and with a sorrowful Countenance told him, he had been disappointed of the Money he had promised him, but, upon his Honour, he would pay him very shortly. Pshaw! says *Belzebub*, talk no more about it—one Friend should serve another—There is though, continued he, a Piece of Service you may do me—and do yourself, indeed; for if we can manage it properly, there there is Four or Five Hundred Pounds to be had. What is it? said *Rap*, eagerly. You must know, said *Belzebub*—I see you are a young Fellow of Spirit, and are
not

not to be hum'd by their pretended Qualms of Conscience out of a good round Sum——This, then, is the Case; Mr. *Tooth-picker* the Lawyer has a Cause in Hand that comes on next Week, which we are sure of gaining, if we can but get sufficient Witnesses——We have, indeed, enough, but then their Faces are so well known to the Court, that we are loath to rest the issue of such a Cause as this upon their Evidence; therefore, as you are a young Fellow of a good Understanding, genteel Address, and engaging Countenance, I think——You understand me. I do, says *Rap*; and to be plain with you, Money is the God I worship. Tell me how it can be got with Safety, and I am your Man. Enough, says *Belzebub*; we'll call upon Mr. *Tooth-picker* this Afternoon, and take the first Lesson, for the Cause comes on the beginning of the Week.

When the Trial came on, *Rap* gave his Evidence in so pretty a Manner, as

a good deal contributed to gain the Cause. The Lawyer was in the highest Raptures at having found so good a Hand; and *Belzebub* swore he never saw one smack it sweeter, gave him a Receipt for the Money he had lent him, and told him he was welcome to lodge with him as long as he pleased. *Toothpicker* made him a Present of twenty Guineas, only, he said, as an Earnest of what he intended to do for him.

Rap had told his Story with so good a Grace, with so little Hesitation, and so much Consistency, that he was looked upon to be the greatest Genius the World ever produced in the Art of Smacking.

Mr. *Toothpicker*, who had run as many Law-matches as any Lawyer in *England*, had introduced his favourite Jockey so often, though always disguised, that he began to be suspected by the Court: He, therefore, thought it prudent to let *Rap* lie by for some time; but, to make sure

sure of him, took him into his own House, and gave him what Instructions he was able; of which *Rap* made such good Use, that in a short Time he understood Things rather better than his Master; for finding the latter rich, and that he had none but distant Relations to inherit, he very prudently conveyed the Estate (by Will, under his Master's Hand and Seal, and properly witnessed) to himself; and then, by the Help of a small Dose, sent him to a Place where even Lawyers are not the worst Inhabitants.

Such is the Life, and such the Character of the Person who promised the honest Parson to assist his Friend, which he did so effectually, that they were acquitted. A couple of Gentlemen in red swearing, that *Stop'em* belong'd to their Regiment, and that the very Day on which the Robbery was said to have been committed by him, he was on Duty in *St. James's Park*; that as soon as he came off Duty, he, they, Mr. *Buckhorse*, and the

the young Woman, went and had three Tankards of Beer at a Public House at *Charing-Cross*.

This being so positively sworn to, and the Prosecutor owning he never had seen the Prisoners before the Time he lost his Tankard, they were discharged.

Mr. *Rap* pleaded hard in Favour of his Clients, said a Villain might at any time bring an honest Man to the Bar, and perhaps take away his Life; that a Stop ought to be put to malicious Prosecutions; and concluded, with hoping the Court would grant the Prisoners a Copy of their Indictment.

Though they did not obtain what Mr. *Rap* had moved for, they were very well satisfied, especially *Stop'em*, who could recollect nothing of his being at *London* when he stole the Tankard at *Bath*, and therefore was a little surpris'd what could induce these two Gentlemen to be-friend him

him so much. He was as ignorant as well as thee, Mr. *Reader*, that the Parson had agreed to give Mr. *Rap* twenty Guineas if he could get his Friends discharged.

After the Trial, the Parson took Mr. *Rap* aside, in order to pay him the Money ; and would certainly have done so, but — But what ? says the Reader ; forgot his Money again ! Fie, we have had enough of that already : Idle Stuff. What Man in the World could be so silly to forget his Money twice ? especially as it does not appear that he often saw so much ; and though a plain good-natured Man, does not appear to be a Fool——Have you done, Reader ? You are wide of the Mark ; but these Criticks are so hasty, they won't give a Gentleman Author Time to explain himself. I should have told you, if you had had a Moment's Patience, that the Parson brought fifty golden Guineas to *Salisbury* ; all which he told over when he came into the Goal, and put them up safe again into a Canvas Bag,

Bag, and that Canvas Bag into his Waste-coat Pocket, which he felt for in Court, and found it——gone, but could not tell how. He returned to the Goal, expecting it might have dropp'd from him there; and did not doubt, but if any of the Felons had found it, they would be honest enough to return it. He searched, and enquired all over the House, but no Tidings; he exhorted his Friends to Patience; *The Lort has gifen, said he, the Lort bath taken away, plessed pe the Name of the Lort.* He then told Mr. Rap, he was sorry for the Misfortune on his Account, but he would give him his Note for the Money, if he thought proper; he hat some Temands upon 'Squire Flood, of Lonton, which he was pretty sure, would enable him to pay him with Honour. Mr. Rap told him, by no Means; he should not be troublesome to his Friends upon his Account; as it was an Accident, each must bear his Part; he himself would pay the Expences of the House, desired he would look carefully

carefully after the Bag, which might perhaps be found, and begg'd he would be more careful for the future.

Let me just dispatch Mr. *Rap* towards *Exeter*, where he is going; and then, Mr. *Reader*, a Word to you, for I know your Thoughts——You think I have given a very inconsistent Account of Mr. *Rap*.

I ask, how?

You will say, a Man capable of so much Villainy, as is recorded of him, would have been deaf to the Parson's Plea of losing his Money——To this I answer; Search narrowly into most Men's seeming generous Actions, and you may perhaps find, they act from different Motives to those they would have the World believe influences their Conduct.

Thus, then, we shall account for Mr. *Rap*'s Behaviour on the present Occasion.

sion. The Parson had, as before related, brought all his Money safe to *Salisbury*; he had told it out before Mr. *Rap* in the Prison, who had carefully observed where he had put it; Notice of this he had given to one of the Myrmidons who attended him, and was one of those, by whose friendly Oath *Stop'em, &c.* had got of. This ingenious Man had placed himself in Court close to the unsuspecting Parson, and had conveyed the Bag and its Contents into his own Pocket, with as much Dexterity as *Abraham's*, the Slight-of-hand-man, conveys a Ball from one Cup under another; and giving it to Mr. *Rap*, who rewarded his Ingenuity with five Guineas, or a Tenth, which is as much as the best Parson in *England* can claim of his Parishioners. Now having settled this Point, 'tis Time we take the Parson and his Friends out of *Salisbury*, and put them in the *London Road*. *Buckbcrse, Stop'em*, and the Woman lamenting the Loss of the Money, and the Parson repeating, *The Lort gafe, the Lort*

Lort bath taken away, plessed pe the Name of the Lort.

Nothing material happened till they came to *Stockbridge* at Night, where, not having Money to pay for Beds, they got Leave, not without some Difficulty, to lie in a Barn. *Buckhorse*, in the Middle of the Night, finding a Call of Nature, was obliged to rise, and groping about for a convenient Place, unfortunately put his Finger in the Parson's Mouth, who generally slept with it wide open, and judging it a fit Place, poured in, for he was a good Marksman, such a Quantity of Water as waked Mr. *Tudor*. Lort have Mercy upon me, said he, it rains terriply: *Home is bome*, as the Proserp says; pe it efer so homely; I should at least hafe been free from such Storms as these in my own poor Hapitation; put the Lort's Will pe tone: then shifting his Place, composed himself again to sleep.

Buckhorse,

Buckborse, who started with Surprise at the Parson's Words, turned round to re-gain his Corner of the Barn ; but, by Mistake, stumbled into that where the young Woman lay ; who no doubt, screamed and cried, as an honest Woman ought to do ; though if she did, it was to very little Purpose, as the Parson and *Stop'em* slept very soundly.

The next Night but one they reached *London* ; but as their Entry was not intended to be quite so splendid as the *Venetian* Ambassador's was a few Years ago, we may as well let them slip in unperceived, as begin a new Chapter for that Purpose.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXIV.

Buckhorse borrows Money upon the Highway to put into the Lottery. Grave Remarks upon Hanging. Parson Tudor's Disappointment : He gets a Living unexpectedly, and returns home.

BUCKHORSE was received by his Spouse with all the Marks of the most tender Affection, though she could not help reproaching him for his long Absence. He gave her a faithful Account of all that had happened, except the Mistake he made in the Barn at *Stockbridge*. They went to Bed very lovingly, and spent the Night as Man and Wife, long parted, ought to do.

The next Night, being at a Club, the Conversation turned chiefly upon the Lottery, which was then drawing. There was not a Gentleman in Company but had
some

some Friend who had got a considerable Prize; some one, two, some 5000 £; but what chiefly roused *Buckborse's* Attention, was the Success of a poor Servant Maid, who had got one of the Ten Thousands: He, therefore, resolved he would purchase a Sixteenth; and though he was not very sanguine in his Expectations, concluded he had a pretty good Right to a Five Thousand, especially as a poor Servant Wench had got twice as much. Five Thousand he therefore looked upon as already in his Pocket, and began to lay it out in Imagination. He resolved to rebuild the old Booth at *Tottenham-Court Road*, and would have had a laced Wastecoa like *Jack Broughton's*; would fight the *Irish Boy* for One Hundred Pounds of his own Money; would purchase a little snug Place, either in the Excise, the Customs, the House of Commons, or the Church; but would reserve about a Thousand to sport with at *New-market*, or at *White's*.

Having

Having settled all these Matters in his Head, he set forward next Morning for *Hazard's Lottery Office*; but as he was entering the Door, a Thought started, which had like to have spoiled his Project: In short, he had got no Money; and Mr. *Hazard*, he was afraid, thought a very good-natured Man, was not to be prevailed on to give away Five or Ten Thousand, or even a couple of Thousand Pounds; which may, perhaps, be as much as an Office-keeper, with all his Industry, is able to clear while the Lottery Fever rages.

His Eyes, his Heart, his Head, his Limbs, were all sent to a Place ten Times hotter than a Glass-house Furnace, for this Neglect of his; for he had fixed upon a fortunate Number, and that might be disposed of before he could get back again: however, there was no Remedy but Patience; he therefore waited upon his Friend Lord *Buffer*;

and, after mutual Civilities, acquainted his Lordship with his present Want. My Lord, with the utmost Politeness, told him, he was under inexpressible Concern he had it not in his Power to oblige him; there was nothing he would not do to serve him; but that having an Ill-run the Night before at *White's*, he had been stripped of his last Shilling; would ask him to stay and eat a Bit of Mutton with him, but that he expected some Company, and therefore hoped he would excuse him.

Buckhorse took his Leave, and tried some other Friends, but with the same Success.

Chagrined at his ill Fortune, he took a turn into the *Park* to shake off the Melancholy which hung about him, where Fortune threw his old Friend *Will Plunder* in his Way, to whom he related the Cause of his Discontent.

Will

Will was not one of those Friends who promise much but mean little; he told *Buckhorse* he had Half-a-Crown left, which was at his Service; that with it he might buy a Pistol of Mr. *Scragg*, the Broker in *Holborn*, who was a very honest Man, and would give him as much for Watches, or Rings, as any body. He would advise him to try his Luck; but be sure, if he got a Booty, to deal with *Scragg*, who, besides being an honest Man and a fair Dealer, could procure him some of the best Plumbers in *England* to rap him off, if he happened to be taken.

Buckhorse thanked his Friend for his Assistance and Advice, and resolved, as his Necessities were pressing, to set about it immediately. *Will* wished him good Luck, and assured him, if he had not been upon Guard, he would have taken a Walk with him himself.

Our Hero lost no Time, but waited upon Mr. Scragg; who, on *Plunder's* Recommendation, furnished him with a very good Pistol, and as much Powder and Ball as might serve him for that Night's Expedition; but as this was his first Attempt, he was a little at a Loss in charging his Pistol, not being quite certain which he was to put in first, the Powder or the Ball; but upon weighing both in his Hand, found the Ball so much heavier, that he put that in first, concluding it was impossible so light a Body as Powder should send a solid one of Lead to any great Distance.

Mr. Scragg made him sensible that he was in an Error; but withal assured him, it was of little Consequence whether it was charged or not, few Gentlemen, except those of Horse, ever taking that Precaution; that in Town there was no Fear of a Pursuit, the Watchmen being always, either through Age, Infirmities,

mities, or Drunkenness, rendered incapable; there was, notwithstanding, he said, some necessary Measures to be taken; he ought to get acquainted with a Hackney-coachman, or Chairman, who might be able to give him a proper Cue.

Buckhorse thank'd him for his Information, and set out——Fortune made *Scragg's* Instructions of some use to him; for as he strolled along in search of Prey, he saw a Gentleman reeling out of a Tavern, who called a Coach; the Door of which *Buckhorse* opened, and helping the Gentleman in, tipp'd the Wink upon the Coachman, gave him the Gentleman's Directions, which was to go into the City.

The Coachman understood the World; and taking the Hint, drove down *Gray's-inn-lane*. As soon as he had got clear of the Houses, he stopp'd; and *Buckhorse* judging that to be as much as to say, this is a proper Place, leap'd from

behind the Coach, and asked the Gentleman for his Money. My Money! says the Gentleman; why look'e, honest Friend, if you have my Money, you must fight for it; and honest *Smack* here upon the Box shall keep fair Play. That's fair, said *Buckborse*; I'll oblige you with a Licking with all my Heart.

The Gentleman got out, and stripping, put his Cloaths into the Coach. *Buckborse* did the same; and to it they went. *Smack*, to do him Justice, kept fair Play, and was really impartial; for though he hit the Gentleman a Blow under the Ribs, which brought him to the Ground; yet, as *Buckborse* was falling on him, he hit him a Blow on the Jaw, which turned his Mouth a little on one Side; then helping them both up, they again set too: The Coachman giving one, and then the other, a friendly Knock, to keep the Balance even, till at length, being both heartily beat, and unable to rise, Gee-ho got on his Box, and drove fairly off.

Buckborse

Buckborse recovering himself first, had Humanity enough to drag his Antagonist into a Ditch, that he might be out of the Way of Carriages, having first taken his Watch and a few Shillings, which was all the Gentleman had about him. These Spoils were certainly his by right of Conquest ; but apprehending the Judges and he might differ in Opinion, he thought proper to leave his Enemy in Possession of the Field of Battle.

The Gentleman was taken up in the Morning by some Labourers going to work, almost dead with Blows and Cold, and carried to a Public-house in that Neighbourhood ; near which lived one Mr. *M'Satan*, a Gentleman to whom the Country is obliged for taking off some of its useless Members, and the Treasury some Hundreds of Pounds.

As soon as this honest Person had heard a Gentleman had been robbed and

almost murdered, the Good of his Country fired his Bosom ; he went to the Gentleman, and from him received such Information, as enabled him to trace out poor *Smack* ; as to *Buckborse*, he had Notice from his Friend *Plunder* of *M'Satan's* Inquiries after him, and resolved to keep out of the Way till the Storm would be blown over.

The Circumstance of the Gentleman's Cloaths being found upon *Smack*, made the Story so probable, that there was very little Trouble in getting him cast. He was executed accordingly ; and *M'Satan* had the Reward ; but considering some greater Advantage might be made of this Affair, as he found there were two People concerned in the Robbery, and *Buckborse* was fled, and his Return uncertain : He, therefore, went to the *King's-Arms* in the *Fleet-market*, a House frequented by Heroes of this Kind ; and fixing upon one about the size of *Buckborse*, had him plumpt by *Jemmy Hemp*,
who

who swore that the Fellow was concerned with himself and the Coachman, lately executed for robbing the Gentleman in *Gray's-inn-lane*, and then throwing him in a Ditch, and leaving him for dead. The poor Fellow, on his Trial, had nothing to say ; for having been out upon the Lay that Day on which the Robbery was committed, it was possible he might have been concerned ; but as he was not sure whether he was or not, he left it to the Ordinary's Discretion to settle that Point as he pleased ; he admitted the Probability of his being concerned, but declared, as he was a dying Man, he did not remember it ; allowed the Justice of his Sentence, and died in Charity with all Mankind..

And now we are upon the Subject of Hanging, let us, good Reader, have two or three Words upon the Nature of punishing Criminals in *England*. I say 'tis very hard for poor People, not used to work, to be sent abroad like Slaves, and

kept to hard Labour ; when, as true-born *Englishmen*, they have a Right to stay at home and be hang'd in their own Country. True, perhaps, you'll say ; Transportation is too great a Punishment for Theft, and ought only to be inflicted on Murderers : I think so too, Mr. *Reader* ; the Punishment should always be proportioned to the Crime. Murder should be punished with Transportation, I agree ; and, if we are guided by Precedent, the first Murder we have upon Record, was punished in that Manner ; for Robberies, Forgeries, and other lesser Crimes, they should be condemned to stay at home and mend the Roads, work in our Coal Mines, make Rivers navigable, improve waste Lands, build Pyramids on some of our Downs, as the *Israelites*, under the same Circumstances, did in *Egypt* ; even in *London* they might be made useful, by drawing Hackney-Coaches, Brewers Drays and Sand-Carts, and thereby relieving the honefter and more useful Brutes that are now employed

ployed in this Drudgery; as to lesser Crimes, such as picking Pockets, Shoplifting, Horse-stealing, and Things of that Sort, they should be punished only with Death; for it would be extremely hard to oblige these People to live and work; for had they liked Labour, they need have no Obligation to *Jack Ketch*: It would, indeed, be contrary to the Maxims of sound Policy, to oblige too many People to work, as it would reduce the Price of Labour, and prevent many a good-natured Man from getting drunk with his Friend on the Lord's Day, and hinder many an honest Drayman from turning Brewer, stepping into his Coach, and purchasing a Borough.

We will now, good Reader, introduce Parson *Tudor* waiting upon Mr. *Blood*; when he had sent up his Name, the Servant brought down his Master's Compliments; but my Lord *Spruce* having done him the Honour of a Visit, he could not possibly disengage himself that Morning, but any other Time should be
extremely

extremely glad to see him. Next Morning he waited on him again, he was gone out; the third Morning the Parson went again, he was then indisposed, had been out late, and could not be spoke to. Four or five different Visits procured as many different Excuses; at last Mr. *Blood* was kind enough to leave a Message with his Servant, that he had been considering about the Affair, and there must be some Mistake, for he knew no Person of the Name of *Tudor*. Cot's my Life, says the Parson, the 'Squire *Plood* I to mean is come from *Wales*, where he was put up 'Squire *Courtley*, I do think his Name was, for Memper of Parliament; but 'Squire *Ortby* tid carry it; I tid fote myself for 'Squire *Ortby*. Then you may vote for the Devil now, says the Servant; I tell you my Master is not at home, never was, nor never will be——to you! So, Doctor, you may e'en trot down into *Wales* again, for you are fairly hum'd. Humt! says the Parson, a little surprized, what do you

you mean by humt? By Humming, I mean, Doctor, when a *London* Gentleman goes down into the Country, and tells the queer Puts a Story of a Cock and a Bull, by which he brings some of them up to Town, and——your Beard is rather too long, Doctor. Rather too long indeed. Here's a Penny to get it taken off; there is a Countryman of your's at the next Door that takes no more. Now, Doctor, this is a Hum; for there is no Barber at the next Door, and I'll keep my Penny for another Beggar. You are a louzy Rascal, said the Parson, knocking him down; I am no Pekker, look you; ant if your Master, 'Squire *Plood*, will come town, I shall hum him too, to you see.

A Mob was by this Time gathered round the Door; some of whom were for perswading Mr. *Blood*'s Man to strip and fight the *Welshman*, they were sure he'd lick him; others cry'd, smoke Taffy's Beard. A young Fellow, in a genteel Livery,

Livery, stepped up and asked Mr. *Tudor* what was the Matter; to whom he related the Story, told him how Mr. *Blood* had invited him up to Town, and the Treatment he had received from his Servant; that he was a Clerchyman, lived in *Wales*, and was not used to be called a Pekker. The young Fellow took him into an Alehouse, treated him with two or three Muggs of Beer and some Bread and Cheefe; said he was sorry to see a Gentleman of his Years and Character treated so badly, but especially by a Man of his Cloth. The Parson thanked him for his Love, took his Leave, and went and took a Turn in the *Park*.

As he was going up the *Bird-cage-walk*, he chanced to see something bright lying on the Ground before him; he stooped to take it up, and it proved to be a *Lima* Shilling, which greatly rejoiced poor *Tudor*; for though his Niece, where he lodged, supplied him also with Victuals, she had never considered that a Man might

might sometimes want a Shilling in his Pocket. He blest God for his good Luck, and went home very well satisfied.

Being now provided sufficiently to pay for a Dish of Coffee, he next Morning called into a Coffee-house to look over the Papers ; and in reading the *Daily Advertiser*, found the following Advertisement :

“ Whereas a Clergyman, lately come
 “ from *South Wales*, was yesterday in-
 “ sulted near *Charing-cross* by a Gentle-
 “ man’s Servant. This is to desire the
 “ said Clergyman to call at the *Braund’s*-
 “ Head in *Bond-street*, where he will be
 “ directed to a Gentleman who has some-
 “ thing to communicate to him.”

The Parson called at the Place appointed, and was conducted to a Gentleman’s House in *Brook-street*, *Hanover-square*. He was let in by the young Fellow who had treated him and commiserated

rated his Misfortune the Day before. Sir, says the Servant, my Master desires to see you. He was shewed up into the Dining-room, where a Gentleman sat, who immediately rose and saluted him; Mr. *Tudor*, said he, I am sorry to hear of the Ill-treatment you received yesterday; but more sorry it should be by the Direction of a Person who calls himself a Gentleman: The Servant but acted according to his Master's Orders. I know the whole Affair, partly from my Servant, and partly from Mr. *Blood* himself, who entertained the Company at a Coffee-house with the Hum, as he was pleased to call it, he had put upon a *Welsh* Clergyman. Now I, as I abhor such Behaviour to a Gentleman, have a Respect for your Cloth, and have besides a particular Obligation to you—To me, Sir! says the Parson, surprized, I profess I do not recollect that ——— You do not then remember, said the Gentleman, the Shepherd that you married in *Wiltshire*. I do, says the Parson;

son; God's Ways are wonderful. They are, said the Gentleman; for within these two Days a Living is become vacant, to which I have the Presentation: I am sorry it's no better; but One Hundred and Fifty Pounds a Year may serve you till something better offers, which I promise you, upon the Word of an honest Man, I shall use my Interest to procure for you. God bless you, God bless you, said the Parson; I shall then at last have it in my Power to relieve my poor Neighbours——You shall stay and pass the Day with me, Mr. *Tudor*, said the Gentleman; my Father-in-law and Spouse will both be glad to see you.

When Dinner was ready, Mr. *Willmore* and his Daughter entered the Room, to whom the Gentleman introduced the Parson. This, said he, my dear *Harriet*! is the worthy Clergyman who married us; and whom, I am persuaded, we shall have Cause to bless so long as we live; and on whom, at your Desire, my Love,
I have

I have bestowed the Living of *Winsmore*; though, without so powerful an Advocate, I think I should not have overlooked Mr. *Tudor*'s Merit: I know, continued he, your History; I know your Loss at *Salisbury*, which Mr. *Willmore* intends to re-place——Ay, says Mr. *Willmore*; here's the Money; God bless you with it: I never gave any thing with more Pleasure in my Life, except my Girl to that young Fellow; and as you, Doctor, by tacking them together, have made three of us happy, 'tis but just we contribute somewhat towards making you so.

The Gentleman sent his Servant next Morning with a Brace of Geldings to the Inn, where the Parson lodged, with Orders to attend him down to *Winsmore*, and Directions to the Steward to give him immediate Possession of the Living.

At his Return, he waited upon his Patron, and returned him Thanks, in such
Lan-

Language, as Gratitude dictates to a good Heart upon such an Occasion, prayed for his Felicity, and that of his Family; wished them an uninterrupted Flow of Happiness in this World; eternal Joy in the next; and concluded (the grateful Tear stealing down his Cheek) *Amen, Amen, Amen.*

In a few Days he set out for *Wales*, equipt with every Necessary becoming a Man of his Order; and now and then repeating, *The Lort gafe, the Lort bath taken away; to which he added, and the Lort bath restored, plessed pe the Name of the Lort.*

CHAP.

C H A P. XXV.

Buckhorse pawns the Watch he took from the Gentleman in Gray's-inn-lane, and buys a Lottery Ticket, which proves a Blank. The sudden Death of his Wife.

BUCKHORSE being drawn into the Commission of the Robbery we have mentioned from the Certainty of his obtaining some great Prize in the Lottery, no sooner found himself out of Danger than he put his Scheme in Execution. He raised Money on the Watch he had taken from the Gentleman, and purchased the Eighth-Part of a Ticket: He attended regularly at *Guildball*, that he might be present when the fortunate one should come up; and having waited several Days without Success, began to grow impatient, and swore, he believed they did not play fair——The World is all a Cheat, says a Person who overheard,

heard, and tapp'd him on the Shoulder. *Buckhorse* turning round, saw his old Fellow-Traveller Mr. *Squeezum*—— Mutual Inquiries being made after each other's Health, Mr. *Squeezum* informed him, Things were strangely altered since he had seen him; for that his Wife, taking Advantage of his Absence, had sold off all his Moveables, and was gone off with his Shopman——You can bear a small Loss. Mr. *Squeezum*, said a female Voice coming up to them; but I, the Lord help me, am undone. What's the Matter, Madam? says Mr. *Squeezum*. Ah, replied the Gentlewoman (who by this Time they found to be their virtuous Fellow-Traveller in the *Barb* Stage) that cursed Journey has been the Ruin of me.

Mr. *Squeezum* and *Buckhorse* expressing a Desire to be informed of the Particulars, she said, that as they remembered that vile Fellow the Dragoon had dishonoured her at the Inn at *Speenham* Land,

Land, they likewise must remember the Uneasiness it gave her; it had like to have cost her her Life; that she had a severe Fit of Illness upon it at *Bath*; that when she recovered, her Conscience was eternally checking her; for though she was innocent of the Crime, at least intentionally, yet she could not be easy in her Mind; that, in order to repair the wide Breach made in her Honour, she had determined to marry the Fellow, though so much beneath her; for she should always prefer virtuous Poverty to Vice in Splendor; that for some time after their Marriage he had behaved so well as to gain her Confidence and Esteem, and she was beginning to forget the Disparity of their Conditions, when———Oh! Lord, I am ashamed to mention it; I that had done so much for the Fellow, made him a Gentleman, as I may say, bought him out of the Army, and maintained him like a Lord; he never wanted a Guinea in his Pocket, kept a Horse for him

him to ride out——and yet to leave me! and for a Strumpet: Yes, a vile Strumpet; a Shame and Scandal to her Sex; for she had run away from her Husband, as I since understand, a Merchant in the City, who was extremely fond of her, and had married her without a Groat: She had run away with a young Fellow, and had taken Lodgings at my House; (I keep a House of Lodgers you must know) she behaved very well at first though, and they paid their Rent very honestly; Fifteen Shillings a Week they paid for my first Floor, a very genteel Apartment it is to be sure, and very cheap; I might have had a Guinea, had I known how Things stood. I took them to be sure at first for Man and Wife; but by their being so fond, I soon found out the contrary: But, however, as they told me they were so, it was not my Business, you know, to inquire. If People were so inquisitive, what would become of us all? if every Couple were to produce a Certificate of
their

their Marriage, who would keep a Lodg-
 ing-House, or indeed a Tayern? I
 hate those Things as much as any bo-
 dy; but then, you know, if People were
 so impertinent to their Customers, a bo-
 dy might starve; but, as I was saying,
 ———Ay, Madam, says *Squeezum*, as
 you were saying; pray proceed, I want
 to know how your Loss can equal mine?
 I am above Five Thousand Pounds and
 a Wife out of Pocket———There our
 Cases differ, said the Lady; your Loss
 is greater in Money, but less in a Partner:
 You have lost a bad Wife, and I a
 good Husband——How! Madam, said
Squeezum half angry; I thought you had
 married him to repair the Breach he
 had made in your Honour. True, Sir,
 said she, that was at first my Motive,
 but he turned out much beyond my
 Expectation, and I should have been ex-
 tremely happy with him, had not this
 wanton Hussy robbed me of him: I
 am sure she must have seduced him;
 for till she came to lodge in my House,

no Man was ever fonder of a Woman.
 ——What! not Mr. *Barker*, said *Squeezum* with a malicious Sneer. Ay, rest his Soul, said she, Mr. *Barker* was indeed a good Husband, and so was this last, and a handsome Fellow too, and as strong as *Hercules*——Very well, Madam, said *Squeezum*; but pray tell us something about his Speed, as well as his Strength; for if I can guess at your Meaning, he has run away from you. Ay, the more is my Loss, Sir, and has taken a Hundred golden Guineas which I had laid by for a rainy Day; but he was a good Creature, and as honest as the Day is long; and I am sure would never have been guilty of so much Baseness, had it not been for that vile Woman.—Oh these cursed Strumpets! at a Time too when I had just set my Heart upon him; for really he was so kind, it would do one's Heart good to see with what Fondness he behaved to me——I don't think if he was dead

To-morrow I should ever marry again ; for indeed Mr. *Squeezum* there is nothing but——Huzza ! said *Buckhorse* ; that's mine by G——d. His Friends enquiring into the Reason of this Exclamation, found that one of the Ten Thousand Pounds was just then come up ; which neither of them, as not being so deeply concerned in the Lottery as he was, had taken the least Notice of : However, they both wished him Joy with all their Hearts. Mr. *Squeezum* said he should always be glad to see him, desired he would do him the Favour to call and eat a Bit of Mutton with him now and then, for he was not quite ruined, though the Jade his Wife had robbed him of so considerable a Sum. The Lady said she should be glad of their Company the next Night to Supper, and she would then make an End of her Story.

Buck-

Buckborse's Impatience made him leave them a little more abruptly than otherwise he would have done; and calling a Coach, he drove to Mr. *Hazard's* Office; and entering, cried out, Hollo my Boys! where's *Hazard*? Mr. *Hazard* seeing him in such a Flow of Spirits, concluded something had turned up Trumps for him; and answered, with a good deal of Complaisance, my Name is *Hazard*, Sir, at your Service; pray what are your Commands? Tip us the Cole, said *Buckborse*, tip us the Cole, my Boy; that's all. Have you then had a fortunate Ticket? said the Broker: I wish you Joy, Sir, with all my Heart. Pshaw! said *Buckborse*, only a Trifle; Ten Thousand Pounds, that's all; but it shall serve me till the next Lottery. Come, come, the Cole, the Cole; I have promised to dine with *Tom Smallwood*; and if you'll come, you shall be welcome: I don't understand Palaver;

but if you'll come, I'll give you as much Punch as you can drink ; and bring these young Fellows with you, pointing to the Clerks : Let them shut Shop, I'll pay them for their Day's Work ; and bring as many more Friends as you will, I'll treat them all. Come, let me have some Sparklers ; I can't stay to take it all ; but give me a Handful or two of Sorrels, and I shall call upon you when I want the rest. I was a foolish Dog that I did not buy the whole Ticket ; I have lost a good deal of Money by that. Mine is but an Eighth ; I would not deceive you, Mr. *Hazard* ; it does not amount, I suppose, to above Two or Three Thousand Pounds ; but, however, that's better than nothing, you know. Give the young Men a Guinea or two a Piece to drink my Health, and charge it to my Account. Come, come, set me off, I shall lose my Dinner. Pray, Sir, said Mr. *Hazard*, what is the Number of your Ticket ? I don't exactly know,

know, said *Buckhorse* ; but I know it's the Thing : You may take my Word for it ; I should scorn to ask for what was not my Due. He made use of a great many Arguments, but all his Rhetorick was not sufficient to prevail upon the cautious Broker to advance him even half a Handful, which he at last had condescended to accept for the present ; but was obliged, as his Coach was in waiting, to drive home to St. *Giles's*, where he ransacked his Box, and every Cupboard in the Room ; but all to no Purpose. He raved and stormed like a Madam ; and it is said, sent his Soul to a warm Climate, two or three thousand Leagues beyond Purgatory : At last, he charged Mrs. *Buckhorse* with having converted it to her own Use ; but here the old Observation was verified, that *the Losers are the greatest Sinners* ; for in pulling out a Halfpenny to pay for a Dram which he had had to comfort his Spirits,

he pulled out likewise his Eighth Part of the Ticket which had remained there very safe, but which he had forgot. He drove very joyfully back to the Office; and producing his Ticket, here, says he, *Mr. Hazard*, you see you mistook your Man: Do you think I would, for the Value of a Thousand Pounds or two, tell you a Lie? I believe, Sir, says *Mr. Hazard*, you are a Man of Honour; but in these Cases it is good to be sure; and then proceeded to examine his Books.

Sir, says he, the fortunate Ticket is 44,444; and yours is, please to let me see, 40,444—I knew, says *Buckhorse*, I was nigh the Matter; I thought my Ears did not deceive me; I was sure I heard the Fours: Well, what does it come to now? Nothing at all, Sir; it's a Blank. Why, d——n it, says *Buckhorse*, there must be some Roguery in this: Did not you tell me

me yourself you were sure that would be the Ten Thousand Pounds Prize? I told you, Sir, says *Hazard*, it was as likely to be so as any other; had I been certain, I am not quite sure I should not have kept it for myself. There's no Friendship in that, said *Buckborse* peevishly; and had I known as much, I should have gone to another Office. Come, Sir, says the Coachman, who then entered, and probably had heard Part of the Conversation, be so kind as to dispatch me. Why, Brother *Smack*, says *Buckborse*, scratching his Ears, it's all hollow: Here's a damnable Bilk. Don't tell me of Bilks, says *Smack*, I want my Money; my Fare is Four Shillings. Why Z—ds, says *Buckborse*, I have got no Cole; I'll pay you another Time; I will, upon Honour. Ah, Master, says the Coachman, my Horses can't live upon that. Why, you Blockhead, said *Buckborse*, Tradesmen who deal

with the Nobility, are obliged to do so. Ay, says the Coachman, Master, they may be used to it, but my Horses are not: Come, pray dispatch me. Come, says *Buckborse*, I see you're a good hearty Fellow: What's your Fare? Four Shillings, I think you say: I'll take a Knock with you whether it shall be eight or nothing. Why, Master, says *Smack*, surveying him with Attention, I'd oblige you with a Licking with all my Heart, if you had got the Stuff; but what signifies my taking the Trouble for nothing, tho' I think I should not have much neither. *Buckborse*, whose great Soul was not used to such Sights, immediately took fire, and told him, if he'd drive him back to St. *Gile's*, he would not only pay him his Four Shillings, but fight him for a Guinea; he made no doubt but his Wife would lend him the Money, as they kept separate Purses, and he had not drawn upon her

her since the Affair in *Gray's-inn-lane*. The Coachman consented, and away he drove.

When they came to the Shop-Door, *Buckborse* was greatly surprized to see it shut, but much more so, when, on entering the House, he was informed, that Death had, in the Shape of an Apoplexy, called upon Mrs. *Buckborse*, and laid her sprawling on the Floor. She should have learned to box, said *Buckborse*, and then she need not have been afraid of Mr. *Apoplex*, or any of them; but since she's gone, she's gone, and there's an End on't.

He proceeded to searching the Drawers and the Till, and found about 27 £ in Money, and the Goods of the Shop and Furniture, which he immediately sold to his Friend Mr. *Scragg*, the Broker in *Holbourn*, amounted to four-

teen or fifteen Pounds more ; a prodigious Sum in the whole, and much greater than ever he had seen himself possessed of before ; and having paid the Coachman very generously, and given him two or three Drams into the Bargain, he locked the Door, put the Key in his Pocket, and left Mrs. *Buck-horse* to look after his deceased Wife.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXVI.

Gives an Account of an Elopement, a disappointed Wedding, and the Death of Mr. SQUEEZUM.

PUTTING off the Obsequies of his dear and valuable Spouse to a more convenient Season, he went to *Monmouth-street*, in order to purchase Mourning: He bought himself a superfine blue Frock, with gilt Metal Buttons; a Scarlet Wastecoat, with a Gold Lace two Inches broad; a Pair of black Velvet Breeches, and white Cotton Stockings; a Pair of neat Pumps, and Silver Buckles; a Gold laced Hat and a jemy scratched Wigg; and thus equipp'd, he called upon his Friend *Blood*, to let him participate of the Joy he felt upon

upon this happy Occasion. Mr. *Blood* had been absent above a Month; and *Buckborse*, upon strict Inquiry, found, that the Consequence of a Present Miss *Nancy Stickit* had made him in the *Bath* Journey, was his being obliged to confine himself to an Apartment in the House of Mr. *M^cThorax* the Surgeon.

Buckborse, who was as susceptible of the tender Emotions of Friendship as he was of Love, grieved for his Friend's Misfortune, as he had for his Wife's Death; and calling into a Gin-shop for a Dram or two to refresh his Spirits, saw a young Woman in one Corner of the Shop; who, on his Entrance, endeavoured to conceal her Face, but in such a Manner, as to prompt his Curiosity to a closer Inspection, which had the desired Effect; for removing her Apron, which she had raised to her Mouth, he discovered

vered his old Acquaintance *Betty* the Chambermaid, whom he had known at the *King's-Arms* at *Speenham Land*.

After many Civilities and a Dram or two, *Betty* enquired what was become of her old Spark. O ho, says *Buckhorse*, old *Squeezum* ! I am to sup with him to Night ; will you go ? The old fat Gentlewoman, who sup'd with us that Night that we had the Fun, has invited us. *Betty* made some little Excuse about Cloaths ; which Objection being removed by *Buckhorse's* Liberality, they set forward for the old Lady's.

Mr. Squeezum, who was always very punctual to Engagements of this Kind, had been come a long Time, and he and the old Lady had talked over their several Misfortunes ; when she, having taken a little Breath, begun again in this Manner :

I should

I should never have known what had become of them, had not the young Gentleman, according to his Promise, wrote me the following Account; and taking a Letter out of her Pocket, gave it Mr. *Squeezum* to read. He had no sooner looked at the Superscription, than he started; Ha, said he, I know this Hand; and opening the Letter, found it contained these Words:

“ MADAM,

“ Your perfidious Husband, and
 “ my abandoned Mistress, have this
 “ Moment taken Places in the *Har-*
 “ *wick* Coach, and intend for *Hol-*
 “ *land*: Their Ingratitude surprizes me
 “ me more than their Inconstancy.
 “ You raised him from nothing; and
 “ she was, if possible, lower, till a
 “ Wholesale Linnen draper in *Cheap-*
 “ *side*

“ *side* married her——We must make
 “ ourselves easy, and look out; you
 “ for another Husband, and I for ano-
 “ ther Mistress; mean time I wish
 “ them a good Passage, and a fair
 “ Wind——to blow them to the
 “ Devil.

“ *Yours,*

“ NAT. NANKEEN.”

Ay, ay, said *Squeezum*, this is my
 hopeful Babe of a Shopman sure e-
 nough, and my *Jezabel* of a Wife,
 I'll be sworn: What Sort of a Wo-
 man is she? Why, says she, rather
 short than tall; Hair as black as Jet,
 and an Eye like a Diamond; her
 Mouth rather wide, but very fine
 Teeth; but what is most remarkable,
 is a Mole on the lower Part of her
 left Cheek. Ay, ay, then 'tis she sure
 enough, cried *Squeezum*; she's gone,
 and

and a happy Riddance : I thank God though that she had not Patience to wait for my Death ; I should have left my Money in fine Hands ! (for I designed a good Part of my Fortune for her.) I have not a single Guinea in the World but must have been the Reward of *Irish* Stallions, and visited all the Brothels about Town—Heaven preserve my Money from falling into such vile Hands !

Notwithstanding the virtuous Lady's Resolution never to marry again, *Buckborse* she thought appeared extremely agreeable in his new Dress ; and she could not help complimenting him on the Occasion. *Buckborse* told her he was very glad she liked him ; few Words were best, if she pleased, he'd marry her. She told him, she had almost resolved never to marry again, she had suffered so much from the Ingratitude of Man ; but then,
it

it was true, she began to grow a little in Years, and it was a terrible Thing for a poor Woman to be left alone ; that she knew he was as able to protect her as any one ; for she recollected he had once been too many for her last Husband ; that he had, upon that Occasion, given sufficient Proofs of his Manhood ; and therefore she begg'd he would not press her any more ; for if he did, she was afraid she must comply——But then, added she, if my late Husband should return——If he should, interrupted *Buckhorse*, I'll do the fair Thing, I will upon Honour ; I'll either fight him, or toss up Heads or Tails who shall have you : No Man, I am sure, can speak fairer——But I think I had better bury the old Woman first, because the Neighbours may talk ; and one may as well do Things decently as not : He therefore sent Orders to have his Wife buried directly, and settled Things with

with the old Lady for their Marriage.

It has been observed by some Author, either antient or modern, I am not certain which, that be the Heart ever so full of one Passion, there is still Room for another to creep in; so it fared with Mr. *Squeezum*; for though his Soul seemed full of Grief for the Loss of his Money and his Wife, yet *Betty* found Room in one Corner of it; for Conscience, Pity, and indeed Vanity pleaded in her Favour. Conscience opened the Case, and said, that he had ruined the Girl, turned her out of her Service, and exposed her to Poverty, and perhaps Disease; that whatever Misfortunes she suffered in this World, he must be accountable for in the next: Vanity said, that the Girl had, tho' by way of Complaint, done him a great deal of Honour, by charging him with a Crime,

Crime, all Men of sixty would (but few are able to) commit.

Pity backed *Betty* with the most soft and powerful Arguments ; for she acquainted the old Gentleman, that she had, as she was afraid she should, proved with Child, and had been delivered of a fine Boy, who was then at Nurse in the Country ; she did the best she could to maintain it ; that she loved the Child for its Father's Sake, though he had been so unkind as never to enquire after her ; that whatever became of her, she hoped he would consider his own Flesh and Blood ; and then, by a Shower of Tears, she as effectually melted the old Man, as if he had been a Lump of Sugar. He languishingly threw himself upon her Bosom, and said a thousand kind Things to her—I suppose protested eternal Constancy, vow'd the

the most sincere and disinterested Passion, lamented the Sufferings she had felt on his Account, and promised to make her Life easy and happy for the future——This latter Part indeed is all Conjecture, for they had retired to the old Lady's Chamber, which they suffered no Witness to enter, and from whence they stirr'd no more till Morning.

Buckborse and the old Lady waited with Impatience for the Morning to usher in the Day that was to crown their Happiness; but, alas! on what a weak Foundation human Happiness is built. This fond Couple, who expected in a few Moments to taste all the Joys the connubial State affords, were destined never to come together; for just as they were stepping into the Coach that was to carry them to the *Savoy*, her late Husband
the

the Dragoon appeared, who claiming his Property, *Buckborse* was obliged to relinquish; and we should have been much puzzled to have found him a Wife in this History, had not Dame *Nature* been kind enough to tip old *Squeezum* a Plumper in the Bread-basket, and send him intestate into the other World, leaving his Relations to divide his Gold in this, which they found locked up in an Iron Chest. *Betty*, whom the old Gentleman had taken home, did not forget herself; she picked up to the Amount of seven or eight Hundred Pounds; and recollecting that *Buckborse* had been the Means of her being bless'd with such a Sum, she generously offered to make him Master of her Fortune and her Person, which he gladly accepted of; and did not feign his Joy upon this Occasion; for throwing his Arms about her Neck,

Neck, he almost stifled her with Kisses; swore he would now put up for Lord-Mayor of *London*, and would have his State Coach drawn by Six Greys; she should be Lady Mayoress, and open the Ball at *Guildhall*: Then shaking the Dragoon heartily by the Hand, thank'd him for claiming his Wife, swore he had a good mind to buy him a Cornacy for the good Turn he had done him, then drove off with *Betty*, and Mr. — of the *Savoy*, who gave them a matrimonial Tack together, which all the ecclesiastical Cobblers upon Earth could not undo.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

Contains a Marriage, a Death, and winds up the Bottom.

HERE, Reader, a new Scene opens: Instead of a little Shop in *St. Giles's*, for the Reception of Bunters, a genteel House was taken in one of the Streets that lead to *Hanover-square*;

square ; a Phaeton, like 'Squire *Blood*'s, immediately purchased ; Lodgings at *Chelsea*, and a Boy in Livery to wait upon Madam *Buckhorse* : He made Entertainments in abundance ; for his Friends encreased daily, making him the warmest Protestations of Friendship, and a Tender of their good Offices to obtain for him some Place at Court. — He thank'd them for their kind Offers ; but said, it was not worth his while to accept a small Place, as he had now Money enough to last him as long as he lived ; though, if they could make him one of the Lords of the Treasury, or some such small Thing, he believed he should not refuse it, or a General : He should like, he said, to be a General, because he loved Fighting. They promised their Interest ; and he began, from that Moment, to form mighty Schemes for beating the *French* : He said he'd give them a Belly full first by Land ; and then, if they'd make him

him an Admiral, he'd be d——n'd if he did not lick them by Sea too; he had no Notion of shamming it; he had rather lie dead under Captain *Cornwallis's* Monument in *Westminster-Abbey*, than live in a Garret in *Greenwich Hospital*, as some Folks were obliged to do: This he confirmed with a very great Oath. We must hear apologize for our Hero's being so much addicted to Swearing, having unhappily contracted this ugly Habit by his Acquaintance with the Bloods, Bucks, and Jemmy's of the Town.

He waited many Months for the Command of the Army which his Friends had promised to obtain for him; but whether it was, that they were not so hearty in their Sollicitations for him as they had promised, or that the great ones were not sufficiently acquainted with his Merit and Abilities, I can't say; but, quite tired with Disappointments, he resolved to turn Patriot.

He

He therefore began in all Companies to rail against the Ministry ; said they were a Parcel of Blunderers, not able to manage the weighty Business they had undertaken, or, which was worse, were not willing to do it effectually ; seasoned his Discourses with Bribery, Corruption, and *Hanover* ; lamented the heavy Load of Taxes we were saddled with ; the scandalous Importation of foreign Troops, the injudicious Alliances we had made ; and ran through all the favourite Topicks of Patriotism ; said he would purchase a Seat in the House, and oppose the Ministry in all their Measures ; that all employed at the Helm, whether living, dead, or unborn, were Rascals, Pensioners, Scoundrels, and fully determined upon the Ruin of their Country.

In these Sentiments he stedfastly persevered, till he perceived his Cash decline ; then the Weather-cock of his Inclinations veer'd about, and he again

turned Courtier ; said the Malecontents were Tools to *France*, who were hired to clog the Wheels of Government ; that the Administration were pursuing wise and vigorous Measures, which would have been put in Execution long since had it not been for the Disaffected, who were eternally at work, in order to impede the Progress of them ; that half a Dozen Gibbets in the City of *London* would effectually put a Stop to the Clamours of the Jacobites : But all his Loyalty not being able to wriggle him into the Ministry, he tack'd about once more, introduced himself into most of the Patriot Clubs ; some of which he was chosen perpetual Chairman of, and speech'd it with all the Eloquence of a ———, or ———. We purposely leave Blanks here, not knowing which of the great Men in the Opposition to compare him to : For tho' he had some of the Qualifications necessary to constitute the Leader of a Party, some were still wanting ; Envy, Affec-

Affectation, and Malice he possessed, but in a small Degree: So that at length perceiving his Power too weak to support his Inclination for saving this sinking Nation, he gave over the Attempt, and resolved, that let the Bark of State fail how it would, he would enjoy the rational and innocent Amusements of a Gentleman;——that is, Whoring and Drinking; for the former of which laudable Purposes he singled out one Miss ——, I have forget her Name remarkable, however, for having added two Horses to Doctor R——'s Coach, by the Number of Customers she procured for him; in the other, he spent so much of his Time, that having one Night out-done his usual Out-doings, and taking his Stand (if I may use the Expression) in a Kennel, *Death*, who was going his Rounds, taking Advantage of the Condition he saw him in, gave him (to speak in his own Language) a Plumper in the Bread-basket; from which he never recovered, but lay

a sad Memento to Bloods and Bruizers who have the Vanity of becoming *great* by those fashionable Amusements.

Mr. *Blood*, who had, by the Help of Mr. *M'Thorax*, got rid of the Present he had received from Miss *Stickit*, had no sooner heard of his Friend's Death, than he paid a Visit of Condolance to the afflicted Widow. She received him as Widows usually do on those melancholy Occasions, by entertaining him with the Virtues of the Deceased; the prodigious Loss she had sustained, which she was sure never could be repaired; he had, it was true, indeed, run out a little of late; that she had brought him 800 £, and there was not above 400 left, she had been telling it that Morning; that she had many Times endeavoured to persuade Mr. *Buckborse* to turn the Money into some Way that might be useful to them, but that he had been quite spoiled by keeping Gentlemen Company; and though he

he was one of the best of Husbands,
 yet, to be sure, she should have been a
 Beggar if he had but lived a few
 Months longer; and she a little sus-
 pected that he kept idle Women Com-
 pany, from his being constantly with
 my Lord *Brothell*, and other Bloods of
 that Stamp; besides, she had a private
 Reason to believe her Suspicion was
 well-grounded, for ———. Pshaw!
 says *Blood*, what signifies grieving for
 the Dead? you are young and hand-
 some, and ———. Aye; but Mr. *Blood*,
 said she, he was so good a Husband—
 Good for nothing, I tell you, says
Blood, interrupting her; dead Husbands
 are good for little: Here, look at me,
 a jolly, likely, handsome, living Dog;
 a Blood of the first Class, a Buck of
 the first Head, and ———. You shall
 grieve no longer, d——n me if you
 shall, it spoils the Complexion; and
 taking her up in his Arms, ———.
 What passed afterwards, I know not,
 for they were not seen by any of their
 Acquaintance

Acquaintance for above a Month. I know the scandalous Chronicle has it, that she kept Company with Mr. *Blood*, and that they were at Mother *D——*'s in the Piazza, *Covent-garden*, during that Time; but I, who have the highest Veneration for the Sex, and was myself an Eye-witness of the Tears she shed on the Death of our deceased Hero, am obliged to refute this Calumny, and here enter the Lists, and challenge all Mankind to prove that ever Woman married for Love, as Mrs. *Buckborse* had done, lived two Months with her Husband in the greatest Harmony imaginable, gave such unquestionable Proofs of her Grief for his Death as to shed Tears: I say, is it possible for such a Woman, in twenty-four Hours, to forget her Husband, and such a Husband as *Buckborse* was, and abandon herself to the unlawful Embraces of another? No; away with a Notion so injurious to the finest Part of the Creation. So high my Regard, and
such

such my Opinion of the charming Sex, that even ocular Proof would hardly convince me of any thing to their Disadvantage. I know the Enemies to the loveliest of God's Work, will immediately instance the frail Gentlewoman of *Ephesus*, and the Dutcheſs of —, and the Counteſs of —, and Lady —, and Mrs. —, and Mrs. —, and —, and —, and —, and a thouſand others, all of *London*, to prove that a Woman's Tears are not always the ſureſt Tokens of Sorrow. Having thus proved, as far as a Negative can be proved, that Mrs. *Buckborſe* was not guilty of the Crime laid to her Charge, we proceed to inform the Reader of what actually did come to our Knowledge; and that is, Mr. *Blood* having run through his Eſtate, tired all his Friends, run in Debt with every body that would truſt him, and bilk'd every Tavern he could, at length prudently began to think of Marriage, and for that

that Purpose applied to Mrs. *Buckborse*, who, from a Principle of Gratitude for the Pleasure she received in his Conversation, consented to marry him; and, in order to support him as a Gentleman, took a House of civil Reception under the Piazzas in *Covent-garden*, which is now kept open for the Accommodation of Bloods, Bucks, and Jemmy's of every Denomination.



F I N I S.